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## SHADES OF THE DEAD.—No. X.

(THE HUMORISTS: III.)

### MONTAIGNE.

MICHAEL, Seigneur de Montaigne, is the most sociable, garrulous, and unreserved of humorous egotists. Plutarch junior writing of his own life, and seasoning it for present taste, and for the alterable palates of posterity with certain philosophic and sentimental condiments, which form a rich and racy contrast between his speculations and his avowed habits, between stoical and Platonic gleanings and the epicurean samples he brings to market and exhibits as the proper and active growth of the Montaigne estate. Plutarch recorded the actions and the sayings of famous statesmen, warriors, and sages; and exercised his ingenuity and empirical knowledge of general human nature in elaborate and anxious parallels between opposite or resemblant characters. Montaigne, though he undertook to write of one man's thoughts, opinions, and practice only, yet, like his exemplar, busied his invention in constructing parallels of comparison between himself and other men: not that he specified individual character, or commonly employed personal anecdotes to illustrate his meaning; his business was with general human nature, in its ordinary exponential form of daily life, and under the instinctive laws of precedent and custom, and with his own nature in its agreements or deviations from the common disposition of other men. He contrasts *his* life and habits with their manners, *his* quaintness with their perverseness, *his* sympathies and antipathies with their likings and dislikings, *his* humorous mirth and sadness with their moods of sport, passion, and melancholy. To do nothing on compulsion is the Delphic oracle of his soul; he is nice and scrupulous in the literal translation of his words into their corresponding action, and therefore is very careful of promises and obligation. He is no lover of gifts or favours; the remembering of such, to one of his brief and treacherous memory, is worth more than the simple pleasure of receiving them; he rejoices at the ingratitude of some whom he had assisted, since it relieved him from thinking how he might benefit them on another occasion. Exemption from care rather than acquisition of pleasure is the aim and scope of his counsel and plans of life: he chose to compel his means to his condition, not by modifying his condition to extend and improve his means. He understood the husbandry of his estate, but was an indifferent steward, being scrupulous not to impair his inheritance, yet careless and negligent of increasing it. His life, he considered improper to do either positive good or ill. His philosophy was the study of negation, and his daily practice the orthodoxy of habit. The disposition of his learning resembled the government of his temporal estate. It is subject to the contemplativeness of his ease, and to the repose, quietude, and cheerful comfortableness which he considered as the end of living and the chief good of human nature. No man ever possessed such talents for giving an exact definition of comfort, and its compounds and derivations; his essays indeed are a perpetual commentary upon the different meanings and usage of the word. It were to be wished that our dictionaries and etymologica were furnished by different humorists with similar definitions; each should explain the verbal symbol of that quality of style in writing, action, and thought in which himself was best versed; the head and front speciality of his pe-

culiar humour. Browne should decide the force of contemplativeness; Burton of melancholy, but he should be limited in the quotations which he produced as examples of custom and usage. Rabelais should define laughter; Cotton, parody; Swift, irony; and Sterne, typographical dashes, asterisks, and parenthesis. Etymology might then assert claims to the possession of its primitive meaning. The learning of Montaigne was various rather than profound or original; and if we believe his constant complaints of the imperfection and incapacity of his memory, his sources of quotation and anecdote appear extraordinary. Probably the book he was reading at any one time supplied him with immediate materials for citation, without burdening his memory or troubling him with transcription, while it suggested the subject and the train of thinking for a new essay. Ben Jonson, who bore no good will to easy productions and unelaborate writing, censures, though not without the appearance of compliment, Montaigne by name, among essayists in general. 'Some turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers; that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice; by which means it happens that what they have discredited and impugned in one week they have before, or after, extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their *master* Montaigne. These in all they write confess still what books they have read last, and therein their own folly; so much that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested; not that the place did need it neither, but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.' Montaigne however stands honourably acquitted from the charge of learned vanity or ostentation of his reading; he again and again protests that his only design in publishing his essays was to furnish himself with a constant and earnest motive to self examination; his book, with the exception of a very few pieces on general politics, certainly the most meagre and worthless in the set, is devoted to the history and explanation of his peculiar modes of thinking and acting; he makes no secret of the little vanities and foibles of his temper; of their blending in a harmless and humorous egotism which makes him minutely detail his habits and whims, even to his love of two clean napkins at every meal, his preference of glass-drinking vessels to metal or earthenware, and his wearing silk stockings indifferently in winter and summer. He confesses that his bridle rein wrong placed, or a strap flapping against his leg, puts him out of humour for the day. But with all his love of personality, and self confession, he never speaks of his essays but as of

'A thing slipped idly from him—  
— a gum which oozes  
From whence 'tis nourished—'

They come from his hands without correction; he perhaps has never read them; he shall jog on the road he has taken as long as he can come at ink and paper, and so he amuse himself he is little troubled about present fame or posthumous applause. His studies are never allowed to become painful; his speculations on ethics, divinity, and history are continued so long as they promote that degree of pleasurable activity in thought and attention, combined with the consciousness of intellectual power, possessed but not exerted, which may be employed without inducing exhaustion. His mental energies are applied with the caution and under the restrictions which physicians assign to bodily exercise—that it be sufficient to occasion muscular fatigue, and to

make rest moderately luxurious. As they aim at promoting the gentle circulation of health, not the throbbing and leaping pulsation of robust exertion: so Montaigne endeavours to secure such a portion of intellectual exercise as shall make after-repose more grateful, and produce that state of imperfect consciousness which is entitled reverie. Another provision of this mental epicurism is, that it combines novelty of occupation and ardour of pursuit with the sense of well-earned repose, and that the latter shall continue only so long as rest and quietude are reflectively and spontaneously grateful. The thoughts and actions of other times and other men, both in real life, and in the prolonged existence that history and poetry confer on the past, are the necessary subject-matter of speculation, which becomes effete and stagnant by repeated re-action, and by the constant use of home-material. And the favourite reading of the speculative Montaigne is in works of poetry and history. Yet never was man less fitted by nature or habit for being decidedly either a poet or an historian. He was eighteen years in the possession and management of his estate at Montaigne, and never could prevail upon himself to inspect his title-deeds, or any of his more important affairs. How would he have shrunk from the folio MSS. of the Benedictine annals, or even from examining the corporation charter of Bourdeaux, in the year of his mayoralty, though, like the archives of Haroun Al-Raschid, 'it had been written in letters of gold.' His philosophical studies were of a similar kind; Laetius found him in anecdotes and pithy sayings of the wise men; Seneca supplied his adages, and Plutarch his maxims. These, if they did not contradict the good sense of his various and acute empiricism, were received and quoted as so many oracles, since they answered his doubts, furnished him with information, and prevented vacuity, without trenching too narrowly on the little vineyard of his soul-calm contemplation and philosophic ease.

Montaigne has described his humours, opinions, prejudices, and habits with such frankness, and under so many varieties of light and shadow, that he may be said to have included autobiography in the plan and execution of his essays. His humorous temperament was allowed to develop itself at pleasure, and to become a fixture of his being, by the indulgence and facility of free-growth that the circumstances of his early youth and manhood presented to it. The officious care and domestic activity of his father relieved him of all family government and home economy long after his age and duties had properly assigned them to his mastery. But this season of his life, when his physical and mental powers were in their primal vigour, and purpose and will alone were wanting to convert the restlessness of his spirit into continuity of effort and action, was pretty equally divided between study and pleasure. Of his propensity to the latter he makes no secret; 'he has heard the chimes at midnight.' He is no philosopher; he values himself upon having seized and possessed every transient moment of enjoyment, upon having lived for 'to-day, without attending to the chance of to-morrow, whether probable good or likely evil, or diminishing the instant pleasure by unnecessary glances at the past.' He is no lover of such pretensions as aim at exalting the soul by the meditative ardour of devotion and religious fancy, to a constant communication with divine things, and to the disdain of all earthy, frothy, and creature conveniences. They may be the raptures of Archimedes himself; but what are they worth? He is one that is nourished by his victuals; and he hath ever ob-

served such supercelestial opinions to have singular accord and affinity with subterranean manners. Good sense is his philosophy; observation his business; man his study; and himself the constant subject of his anxious speculation. We learn from his scattered confessions and rambling notices, that he was a great lover of fish, and religiously fasted upon his favourite diet on Fridays and calendar days; that he rode much on horseback; travelled frequently; and sometimes, it would appear, without any very clear notion whether he was going; was grievously troubled with the stone, for which he consoles himself by the pithy reflection that it is a disease of good family, few but persons of quality being subject to it. In his conversation with other men he was indifferent to country, party, or complexion, esteeming a Polander as good as a Frenchman, and a Jew as orthodox as a Christian. He had due reverence for St. Jerome and the fathers, and willingly quoted St. Augustine in his confessions; yet he has no cause of quarrel with Julian the apostate, and devotes an entire essay to the defence and eulogy of his character. He readily complied with custom, and wished that all under his government should imitate his practice. A humorist can never set himself at active difference with the world; the trouble and controversy which attend on breaking a law are more irksome than the law itself.

It should be remembered, that the humorist, and not the man, as connected with the relations and conditions of ordinary life, is the subject of the foregoing catalogue of quaintness, whim, and negligence, lest Montaigne be regarded as an unredeemed sensualist, to whom humour, and gaiety, and shrewdness were but talents of contingency, the empty froth-bubbles on the stagnant level of indifference. His heart glows and pulses with all the fervency of gratitude, his words are kindling with the eloquence of love and the earnestness of prayer when he mentions his deceased father. The memory of that excellent parent had embalmed and consecrated for ever to itself his holiest feelings; and the entire vitality of his moral being. His humour was rather a sportive outgrowth of these life-principles of his spirit than an independent quality of his intellect, or the necessary produce of his indifference. He was a man more beloved, perhaps, than respected; for he was rather benevolent than just: yet respect and love must both have richly dowered the friend of Boetius, and the protector of Mademoiselle Gournay. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked. Montaigne had higher and holier qualities than go to the composition of the mere sensualist, or the vain and scoffing sophist.

Montaigne thinks nothing the worse of himself for having been mayor of Bourdeaux. He was induced to accept the office partly in obedience to the king's command, and partly because M. de Lausac, and M. de Biron, marshals of France, had preceded him in the magistracy. 'So,' he adds, 'Alexander accepted the freedom of Corinth when informed that Hercules and Bacchus were also in the register.' Such a parallel is at least equal to Fluellen's comparison of Macedon and Monmouth, and certainly more egotistical. But the crowning glory of his life was the management of certain private treaties between the French king and some neighbouring princes. He does not inform us of the precise nature of his embassy, but it was probably addressed to the principal Hugonot leaders. It serves him for many pleasant after allusions, and pregnant instructions for the proper behaviour of all future diplomatists. Humorists are especially delighted if they can contrast the present conditions and process of their ordinary life with some past circumstances of more consideration and eminence than indolence and retirement afford. They refer to them ever after with a serious pleasantry; let none presume to jest or rally with them on this prize-token of their heart. Perhaps, too, the sense of contrast is enhanced by internal thankfulness that they have reaped laurels of office without being permanently involved in its 'insolence'; or they represent to themselves only the fair and sunny side of this life-epoch, and dwell

on their then importance; on the goodly company they saw; on the fine things they heard; on the applause which such a speech gained them; on a compliment paid them by one great man; on their being whispered by another in the presence-chamber; and how a yet greater man once took them by the arm, &c.; forgetting all the while the many vain sighs and fond complaints for beloved leisure and retirement, and how often they quoted the scripture upon vanity, and the curses they devised against the follies which enslaved them. In a similar tone of feeling, though without any perception of the cause, does Justice Shallow talk familiarly of John of Gaunt, and wishes Cousin Silence had but seen the days which Sir John and himself have seen. The loose, vulgar, and senseless revels of his life as a Templar, were the epoch to which he looked up as to a clock, the only index of time to the long vacuity of his after vegetation among justice-like serving men and Slender, Silence, and Parson Hugh. So Montaigne reflects upon his diplomatic office as the Hejira-year of his life; from that time men might say, in speaking of him, 'The seigneur was well qualified for station and preferment, but he chose rather studious retirement and his private ease.' He would make, too, many a shrewd, self-congratulating remark on the false judgments of men on apparent motives, with the consciousness how nature and habit had disqualified him for translating speculation into action, Montaigne the gascon into Montaigne the commissioner. These reflections were his own private essays, never published or communicated, but the true cause of many a secret smile and sundry fits of absence.

The humour of Montaigne is so nearly inwoven with his habits of self confession, and his fondness for personal detail, that our judgment of the one is involved in our knowledge and sympathy with the other. In proportion as we are amused and interested by his egotism, talkativeness, careless opinions, and light imaginations, so shall we appreciate and rank his mirth and wit, and easy pleasantry. These consisted more in his daily life and common habits than in the modes of his writing and thinking. He never applied himself to composition until all other resources of occupation or pleasure had failed him; his humour, therefore, was rather social and conversational than proper to the straighter limits and necessary rules of written thoughts; and we have probably a mere echo of the shrewd pleasantry, acute remarks, and caustic wit, which delighted his favoured friends. One particular feature of his humour may be pointed out; his jests or sarcasms are never express, they are hints rather, as if he and the reader had taken counsel together to banter some third person. He writes as if he pointed his wit with secret motions of eye and hand; and many of his best allusions are lost from our inability to meet him half way.

W. D.

#### ANNALS OF RAJASTHAN.

*Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan, or the Central and Western Rajput States of India. By Lieutenant-Colonel James Tod, late Political Agent to the Rajput States. 4to. Smith, Elder, and Co. London, 1829.*

WE were somewhat hasty we find in promising, in our last number, a review of Colonel Tod's ponderous volume for this week. We have now to make the humiliating confession that our digestive powers have proved unequal to the decomposition, in so short a time, of the contents of the eight hundred quarto pages and upwards, which compose this handsome book. Nor is it the quantity only of the matter which has caused its rejection: it has qualities by no means of a light kind or easy even of mastication.

The *genealogies* of the thirty-six royal tribes of Rajasthan, a dissertation on the feudal system among the Hindoos, the proposition of an hypothesis that the peculiarities in the polity of the Rajpoots and the feudal institutions of Europe, may be suspected at least to have a common source, are subjects, it will be allowed, which require more than an ordinary in-

terval 'twixt meal and meal to convert into wholesome chyle. With the gullet of a *boa constrictor* we might, perhaps, have performed the operation of deglutition without any great difficulty, but then the repose and torpidity which the great reptile would require for the due digestion of a royal tiger of Bengal would have been equally necessary in our case.

Besides this head-dish of our board moreover, and truly the *Annals of Rajasthan* may be compared, as regards their size, to the old feudal baron of beef; our week's repast presented certain savoury entremets in modern taste, and tempting specimens of the art of the confectioner, in the shape of Lady's Poetry and Annuals which we have not the resolution to resist. These, although it will be no difficult task to separate their alimentary particles, will not fail to occupy space which might be allotted to more weighty substances. If they possess not solidity, they do not want expansion; they will help to fill the stomach if it be but with wind, that enemy to a comfortable siesta.

We have not, however, been altogether regardless of our promise respecting Rajpootana. We have done our best to fulfil our engagement; and are desirous that our readers should share whatever advantage may be derived from the progress of our labours imperfect as these may be.

In the first place then we have examined over and over again, and every time with fresh delight, the very splendid embellishments which accompany this volume. They are from the pencil of Capt. Waugh and the burins of Mr. E. Finden, and of Messrs. Storer of Cambridge. The landscapes are lovely and picturesque beyond description; they abound in peculiarity of character both natural and artificial; the lofty conelike mountains, the brilliant atmosphere, the gorgeous architecture, are all truly Indian, such at least as imagination paints these things to be in India, without dreading the unreality of its pictures. Nor have the scenes lost any of their beauty under the masterly and delicate touch of Mr. Finden. His walls reflect a tropical sun, his lakes and fishponds sparkle beneath its vivid rays, and his palaces have all the splendour of the residences of Eastern princes; and what a magnificent and characteristic interior is that of the Jain Temple at Ajmer, with its carved columns and richly worked beams, coffers, and domes! and how admirably has the engraver (Mr. Storer) preserved the perspective effect!

Nor is the letter-press of Colonel Tod's book so dry as might be inferred from our first enumeration of the titles of its subject matter. The *Annals of Méwar*, (the Personal Narrative we have not even glanced at beyond the heads of the pages) seem to abound with interesting accounts of the heroic exploits of the Ranas of Méwar, the principal tribe of the Rajpoots in their opposition to the Moguls and Mahrattas. We have alighted on one of these chapters which, on the word of our author, may be taken to refer to one of the most important periods, and one of the most interesting characters in Rajpoot history. We shall make the best use of it we can for the amusement of our readers. It will give them an idea of the manner in which the annals are treated and dispose them favourably for a further account of Colonel Tod's labours.

Akber, the grandson of the celebrated Emperor Baber, the real founder of the empire of the Moguls, had overrun Rajasthan, as a conqueror. Under the impotent government of Oody Sing even the plains of Méwar, with Cheetore, the capital, had fallen into the power of the Mogul. But Pertáp, who succeeded Oody Sing as Rana of Méwar, was a hero. Emulating the glory of a long line of ancestors and lamenting the degeneracy of his predecessors, he had taken refuge among the mountains of Aravulli, and still held out against the victor. In this situation he is thus introduced to us by Colonel Tod:

'Pertáp succeeded to the titles and renown of an illustrious house, but without a capital, without resources, his kindred and clans dispirited by reverses: yet possessed of the noble spirit of his race, he meditated the recovery of Cheetore, the vindication of the honour of his house, and the restoration of its power. Elevated with this de-



sign, he hurried into conflict with his powerful antagonist, nor stooped to calculate the means which were opposed to him. Accustomed to read in his country's annals the splendid deeds of his forefathers, and that Cheetore had more than once been the prison of their foes, he trusted that the revolutions of fortune might co-operate with his own efforts to overturn the instable throne of Delhi. The reasoning was as just as it was noble; but whilst he gave a loose to these lofty aspirations which meditated liberty to Méwar, his crafty opponent was counteracting his views by a scheme of policy which when disclosed filled his heart with anguish. The wily Mogul arrayed against Pertáp his kindred in faith as well as blood. The princes of Marwar, Amber, Bikaner, and even Biondo, late his firm ally, took part with Akber and upheld despotism. Nay even his own brother Sagurji deserted him, and received as the price of his treachery, the ancient capital of his race and the title which that possession conferred.—P. 331.

We extract the following story as highly characteristic of the sentiments of a race whom our annalist, with what degree of partiality it is not germane to our present purpose to inquire, delights in representing as heroic :

‘An anecdote illustrative of the settled repugnance of this noble family to sully the purity of its blood may be here related, as its result had a material influence on its subsequent condition. Raja Maun, who had succeeded to the throne of Amber, was the most celebrated of his race, and from him may be dated the rise of his country. This prince exemplified the wisdom of that policy which Baber adopted to strengthen his conquest, that of connecting his family by ties of marriage with the Hindoos. It has been already related that Hemayoon espoused a daughter of Bagwandas, consequently the Raja Maun was brother-in-law to Akber. His courage and talents well seconded this natural advantage, and he became the most conspicuous of all the generals of the empire. To him Akber was indebted for half his triumphs. The Cutchwaha bards find a delightful theme in recounting his exploits, from the snow-clad Caucasus to the shores of the “golden Chersonese.” Let the eye embrace these extremes of his conquests, Cabul and the Paropanis of Alexander and Arracan (a name now well known) on the Indian ocean; the former reunited, the latter subjugated, to the empire by a Rajpoot prince and a Rajpoot army. But Akber knew the master key to Indu feeling, and by his skill overcame prejudices deemed insurmountable, and many are the tales yet told of their blind devotion to their Emperor.

‘Raja Maun was returning from the conquest of Sholapoor to Hindusthan when he invited himself to an interview with Pertáp, then at Komulmér, who advanced to the Oody Sogar to receive him. On the mound which embanks this lake a feast was prepared for the prince of Amber. The board was spread, the Raja summoned, and prince Umra\* appointed to wait on him; but no Rana appeared, for whose absence apologies, alleging headache, were urged by his son, with the request that Raja Maun would wave all ceremony, receive his welcome, and commence. The prince, in a tone at once dignified and respectful, replied, “Tell the Rana I can divine the cause of his head-ache; but the error is irremedial, and if he refuses to put a plate before me, who will?” Further subterfuge was useless; the Rana expressed his regret, but added that he would not eat with a Rajpoot who gave his sister to a Toork, and who probably ate with him. Raja Maun was unwise to risk this disgrace; and if the invitation went from Pertáp, the insult was ungenerous as well as impolitic, but of this he is acquitted. Raja Maun left the feast untouched, *save the few grains of rice he offered to Undeva, which he placed in his turban†*, observing as he withdrew, “it was for the preservation of your honour that we sacrificed our own, and gave our sisters and our daughters to the Toork, but abide in peril if such be your resolve, for this country shall not hold you,” and mounting his horse, he turned to the Rana, who appeared at this abrupt termination of the visit. “If I do not humble your pride, my name is not

Maun,” to which Pertáp replied, “he should always be happy to meet him;” while some one, in less dignified terms, desired he would not forget to bring his “Phoopa” Akber. The ground was deemed impure where the feast was spread; it was broken up and lustrated with water of the Ganges, and the chiefs who witnessed the humiliation of one they deemed apostate, bathed and changed their vestments as if polluted by his presence.—Pp. 336, 337.

Pertáp resisted all the efforts of the Moguls and their degenerate Rajpoot allies for a quarter of a century, spurning every overture which had submission or the degradation of uniting his family by marriage with the Tatar, for its basis.

The affront narrated in the last extract, and which the Mogul Emperor considered as offered to himself, excited him to renewed efforts to subdue the haughty chief. These led to the bloody day of Huldighat, a name which, says our author, ‘will never be forgotten while a Seesodia occupies Méwar, or a bard survives to relate the tale.’

Prince Selim, the heir of Akber, led the Islamites, guided by the councils of Raja Maun and the distinguished apostate son of Sagurji, Mohabet Khan. The plain of Huldighat, where the opposed parties met, is situated at the base of a neck of mountain which shut up the valley and rendered it almost inaccessible. We subjoin the description of the combat :

‘At this pass Pertáp was posted with the flower of Méwar, and glorious was the struggle for its maintenance. Clan after clan followed with desperate intrepidity, emulating the daring of their prince, who led the crimson banner into the hottest part of the field. In vain he strained every nerve to encounter Raja Maun; but though denied the luxury of revenge on his Rajpoot foe, he made good a passage to where Selim commanded. His guards fell before Pertáp, and but for the steel plates which defended his howda, the lance of the Rajpoot would have deprived Akber of his heir. His steed, the gallant Chytue, nobly seconded his lord, and is represented in all the historical drawings of this battle with one foot raised upon the elephant of the Mogul, while his rider has his lance propelled against his foe. The conductor, destitute of the means of defence, was slain, when the infuriated animal, now without control, carried off Selim. On this spot the carnage was immense: the Moguls eager to defend Selim; the heroes of Méwar to second their prince, who had already received seven wounds. Marked by the “royal umbrella,” which he would not lay aside, and which collected the might of the enemy against him, Pertáp was thrice rescued from amidst the foe, and was at length nearly overwhelmed, when the Jhala chief gave a signal instance of fidelity, and extricated him with the loss of his own life. Manah seized upon the insignia of Méwar, and rearing the “gold sun” over his own head, made good his way to an intricate position, drawing after him the brunt of the battle, while his prince was forced from the field. With all his brave vassals the noble Jhala fell; and in remembrance of the dead his descendants have, since the day of Huldighat, borne the regal ensigns of Méwar, and enjoyed “the right-hand of her princes.” But this desperate valour was unavailing against such a force, with a numerous field artillery and a dromedary corps mounting swivels; and of 22,000 Rajpoots assembled on that day for the defence of Huldighat, only 8000 quitted the field alive.

‘Pertap, unattended, fled on the gallant Chytue, who had borne him through the day, and who saved him now by leaping a mountain stream when closely pursued by two Mogul chiefs, whom this impediment momentarily checked. But Chytue, like his master, was wounded; his pursuers gained upon Pertap, and the flash from the flinty rock announced them at his heels, when, in the broad accents of his native tongue, the salutation, *ho! nila ghora va asvár* “ho! rider of the blue horse,” made him look back, and he beheld but a single horseman: that horseman his brother.

‘Sukta, whose personal enmity to Pertap had made him a traitor to Méwar, beheld from the ranks of Akber the “blue horse” flying unattended. Resentment was extinguished, and a feeling of affection, mingling with sad and humiliating recollections, took possession of his bo-

som. He joined in the pursuit, but only to slay the pursuers, who fell beneath his lance; and now, for the first time in their lives, the brothers embraced in friendship. Here Chytue fell, and as the Rana unbuckled his caparison to place it upon Unkarro, presented to him by his brother, the noble steed expired. An altar was raised, and yet marks the spot, where Chytue died; and the entire scene may be seen painted on the walls of half the houses of the capital.

‘The greeting between the brothers was necessarily short; but the merry Sukta, who was attached to Selim’s personal force, could not let it pass without a joke; and inquiring “how a man felt when flying for his life?” he quitted Pertap with the assurance of reunion the first safe opportunity. On rejoining Selim, the truth of Sukta was greatly doubted when he related that Pertap had not only slain his pursuers, but his own steed, which obliged him to return on that of the Khorasani. Prince Selim pledged his word to pardon him if he related the truth; when Sukta replied, “the burthen of a kingdom is on my brother’s shoulders, nor could I witness his danger without defending him from it.” Selim kept his word, but dismissed the future head of the Sukta-wuts. Determined to make a suitable “nuzzur” on his introduction, he redeemed Bhynsrer by a *coup de main*, and joined Pertap at Oodipoor, who made him a grant of the conquest, which long remained the chief abode of the Sukta-wuts; and since the day when this, their founder, preserved the life of his brother and prince against his Mogul pursuers, the byrd of the bard to all of his race is *Khorasani Moolani ca Aggal*, “the barrier to Khorasan and Mooltan,” from which countries were the chiefs he slew.—Pp. 338—340.

The privations suffered in his mountain refuge, however, had well-nigh effected what the arms of the Mogul had attempted in vain, and the lamentations of his children for food reduced the Rana to curse the name of royalty and demand of Akber a mitigation of his hardships.

From the consummation of this act of humiliation, however, Pertáp was preserved by an admirer, a young Rajpoot, whom circumstances, rather than inclination, had enrolled among the followers of the Mogul. He obtained permission to send a letter to Pertáp, ostensibly to ascertain the fact of his submission, but in reality to prevent it. Being a bard, moreover, his letter was accompanied by an effusion which, together with the history of its effect on the conduct of the chief to whom it was addressed, and an interesting explanation of a certain phrase in the song itself, we subjoin :

“The hopes of the Hindu rest on the Hindu; yet the Rana forsakes them. But for Pertap, all would be placed on the same level by Akber; for our chiefs have lost their valour and our females their honour. Akber is the broker in the market of our race: all has he purchased but the son of Oodoh; he is beyond his price. What true Rajpoot would part with honour for nine days (*Noroca*;) yet how many have bartered it away? Will Cheetore come to this market, when all have disposed of the chief article of the Khetri? Though Putto has squandered away wealth, yet this treasure has he preserved. Despair has driven many to this mart, to witness their dishonour: from such infamy the descendant of Hamir alone has been preserved. The world asks, whence the concealed aid of Pertap? None but the soul of manliness and his sword: with it, well has he maintained the Khetri’s pride. This broker in the market of men will one day be overreached; he cannot live for ever: then will our race come to Pertap, for the seed of the Rajpoot to sow in our desolate lands. To him all look for its preservation, that its purity may again become resplendent.”

‘This effusion of the Rahtore was equal to 10,000 men; it nerved the drooping mind of Pertap, and roused him into action: for it was a noble incentive to find every eye of his race fixed upon him.

‘The allusion of the princely poet in the phrase, “bartering their honour on the ‘Noroca,’” requires some explanation. The *Noroca*, or “New Year’s Day,” when the sun enters Aries, is one of great festivity among the Mahomedan princes of the East; but of that alluded

\* The son of Pertap.

† The Hindoos, as did the Greeks and other nations of antiquity, always made offering of the first portion of each meal to the gods. Undeva the god of food.

to by Pirithi Raj we can form an adequate idea from the historian Abul Fazil.

It is not New Year's Day, but a festival especially instituted by Akher, and to which he gave the epithet *Khooshroz*, "day of pleasure," held on the ninth day (*no-roza*) following the chief festival of each month. The court assembled, and was attended by all ranks. The queen also had her court, when the wives of the nobles and of the Rajpoot vassal princes were congregated. But the *Khooshroz* was chiefly marked by a fair held within the precincts of the court, attended only by females. The merchants' wives exposed the manufactures of every clime, and the ladies of the court were the purchasers. "His majesty is also there in disguise, by which mean she learns the value of merchandise, and hears what is said of the state of the empire and the character of the officers of government." The ingenious Abul Fazil thus softens down the unhallowed purpose of this day; but posterity cannot admit that the great Akher was to obtain these results amidst the *Pashito* jargon of the dames of Islam, or the mixed *Bhaha* of the fair of Rajast'han. These "ninth day fairs" are the markets in which Rajpoot honour was bartered, and to which the brave Pirithi Raj makes allusion.

It is scarcely to be credited that a statesman like Akher should have hazarded his popularity or his power, by the introduction of a custom alike appalling to the Celtic races of Europe as to these the Gods of Asia; and that he should seek to degrade those whom the chances of war had made his vassals, by conduct so nefarious and repugnant to the keenly cherished feelings of the Rajpoot. Yet there is not a shadow of doubt that many of the noblest of the race were dishonoured on the "Noroza;" and the chivalrous Pirithi Raj was only preserved from being of the number by the high courage and virtue of his wife, a princess of Méwar, and daughter of the founder of the Suktaruts. On one of these celebrations of the *Khooshroz*, the monarch of the Moguls was struck with the beauty of the daughter of Méwar, and he singled her out from amidst the united fair of Hind as the object of his passion. It is not improbable that an ungenerous feeling united with that already impure, to despoil the Sesostris of their honour, through a princess of their house under the protection of the sovereign. On retiring from the fair, she found herself entangled amidst the labyrinth of apartments by which egress was purposely ordained, when Akher stood before her: but instead of acquiescence, she drew a poniard from her corset, and held it to his breast, dictating, and making him repeat the oath of renunciation of the infamy to all her race. The anecdote is accompanied in the original with many dramatic circumstances. The guardian goddess of Méwar, the terrific "*Mata*," appears on her tiger in the subterranean passage of this palace of pollution, to strengthen her mind by a solemn denunciation, and her hand with a weapon to protect her honour. Rao Sing, the elder brother of the princely bard, had not been so fortunate; his wife wanted either courage or virtue to withstand the regal tempter, and she returned to their dwelling in the desert despoiled of her chastity, but loaded with jewels; or, as Pirithi Raj expresses it: "she returned to her abode, tramping to the tinkling sound of the ornaments of gold and gems on her person; but where, my brother, is the moustache on thy lip?"—*Fp.* 343-346.

We conclude our present notice with the following account of the termination of the noble Pertap's career.

A premature decay assailed the pride of Rajast'han; a mind diseased preyed on an exhausted frame, and prostrated him in the very summer of his days. The last moments of Pertap were an appropriate commentary on his life, which he terminated, like the Carthaginian, swearing his successor to eternal conflict against the foes of his country's independence. But the Rajpoot prince had not the same joyful assurance that inspired the Numidian Hero: for his end was clouded with the presentiment that his son Uzza would abandon his fame for inglorious repose. A powerful sympathy is excited by the picture which is drawn of this final scene. The dying hero is represented in a lonely dwelling; his chiefs, the faithful companions of many a glorious day, awaiting round his pallet the dissolution of their prince, when a

groan of mental anguish made Saloombra inquire, "what afflicted his soul that it would not depart in peace?" He replied: "it lingered," he said, "for some consolatory pledge that his country should not be abandoned to the Toork;" and with the death-pang upon him, he related an incident which had guided his estimate of his son's disposition, and now tortured him with the reflection, that for personal ease he would forego the remembrance of his own and his country's wrongs.

On the banks of the Peshola, Pertap and his chiefs had constructed a few huts (the site of the future palace of Oodipor) to protect them during the inclemency of the rains in the day of their distress. Prince Uzza, forgetting the lowliness of the dwelling, a projecting bamboo of the roof caught the folds of his turban and dragged it off as he retired. A hasty emotion, which disclosed a varied feeling, was observed with pain by Pertap, who thence adopted the opinion that his son would never withstand the hardships necessary to be endured in such a cause. "These sheds," said the dying prince, "will give way to sumptuous dwellings, thus generating the love of ease; and luxury with its concomitants will ensue, to which the independence of Méwar, which we have bled to maintain, will be sacrificed: and you, my chiefs, will follow the pernicious example." They pledged themselves, and became guarantees for the prince, "by the throne of Rappa Rawat," that they would not permit mansions to be raised till Méwar had recovered her independence. The soul of Pertap was satisfied, and with joy he expired.—*Fp.* 348, 349.

#### EPICHRIS.

*Epicharis, an Historical Tragedy. By the Author of 'Granby.' Represented for the first time at Drury-lane Theatre, October 11, 1829. 8vo. pp. 115. Colburn and Bentley. London, 1829.*

We had said our say on *Epicharis*, on recording our observations on its representation, and before the published tragedy had reached us. Our opinion will be found in the part of our paper devoted to notices of the drama. We see no reason, after perusal, to recall or modify it, but as it may prove a gratification to some of our readers to have a printed specimen of the dramatic prowess of the author of "*Granby*," we select a passage, which, however it may seem ill-placed and in a measure obtruded on the tragedy, is to the reader that portion in which the author's versification displays most feeling and fire. The sentiment would lead to the conclusion that the tragedy had been written before the merchants of Smyrna had poured poison into British ears.

*Epi.* Nay, say not so,  
If thou wouldst praise me. Think not Greeks were such  
As the trim shameless parasites that throng  
The scented chambers of the Palatine.  
Be just—be just—ye call them crouching slaves.  
True, they are slaves—the slaves that Rome has made  
them.

Their shame is Rome's. What! shall the master frown  
Because his prostrate mental deigns to use  
The ignoble arts to which he owes his safety?  
What! shall he truant him with the want of virtues  
Which, if asserted, are repaid with death?  
No! Greece enslaved is not the Greece we honour.  
It is not Greece—'tis but a clouded mirror,  
Reflecting from its tarnished face the vices  
Of this proud city. Nay, reproach me not:  
I do not love thee less, my Roman Flavius,  
Because I love my country.

*Fla.* I reprehend thee!  
When I could linger countless hours away  
To listen to such music. When I hear  
Thy eulogies of Greece I long to share them:  
Nay, Roman as I am, I almost wish  
I were thy countryman.

*Epi.* I would thou wert.  
For thou hast such a spirit as filled the breasts  
Of our heroic dead. Were they alive,  
Thou wouldst reverence them as a son; and they

Feel pride in thee. \*Oh, my fair fatherland,  
What a bright galaxy of names is thine!  
It is the best inheritance thou leav'st us:  
'Tis almost all of thee that rests entire  
In my remembrance. I was yet a child  
When I was severed from my country, Flavius,  
And the faint images of its azure sky  
And marble cities gleam across my memory,  
Like the dim shadowings of a half-seen vision—  
I can scarce call them real: but, oh! the tales  
Of ancient days! how freshly they survive! †  
Here in my banished state I have no kindred,  
Save our lost heroes: they are all my own,  
And with a daughter's reverence I repeat  
Their hallowed names. Epaminondas, Codrus,  
The self-devoted patriot king—Leonidas,  
Who fell for Greece—the great Themistocles,  
Aristagoras, and Harmodius.

*Fla.* Harmodius, sayst thou? I am scantily versed  
In Grecian annals, my Epicharis,  
But I have heard that name.

*Epi.* Who has not heard it?  
It is the very watchword of the brave  
Who scorn oppression. Centuries have waned—  
Cities have risen and fallen—men whose virtues  
Deserved a crown have died and are forgotten,  
As though they ne'er had been; yet still that name  
Lives in the memories of his countrymen,  
As greenly as once bloom'd the laurel wreath  
That bound his widow. And wherefore?—'T was for this—  
He slew a tyrant.

*Fla.* Ha! a tyrant!

*Epi.* Aye!  
In that he still maintained the unjust sway  
His sire had gained; but one who used his power  
As sages would direct. He never sullied  
His mighty station with the low excesses  
Of emulated baseness—he ne'er fired  
A city for his pastime—ne'er defiled  
His banquet-table with a kinsman's murder.  
He was no parricide.

*Fla.* I know thy meaning—  
I know what thou wouldst say. He was not such  
As Nero is.

*Epi.* 'Tis true—yet he was slain,  
And after-ages elevate to fame  
The humble man that rose against his might.

*Fla.* And ever honoured be his memory  
By ages yet to come.

*Epi.* Aye! thou sayst well:  
And yet he was a Greek. One of a race  
Whom ye pronounce effeminate and vile.  
And who are now their masters? Are they men  
Free, bold, and resolute, or are they slaves?  
Yes! they are slaves—poor, patient, abject tools  
Of a mean, frivolous, sensual, timid tyrant.  
Submissive menials, things that scarcely move  
But by his will.

*Fla.* Not so, by Hercules!  
Epicharis, you wrong us.

*Epi.* Search the world  
For base examples, and then say what being  
Can crouch more meekly than the lordly Roman.

*Fla.* Not so, not so, you wrong us. Oh! believe it,  
There are some hearts that—I will tell thee all,  
For there's a glorious spirit in thy breast  
Which shames our manhood. Hear me, my betrothed,  
And blush no more for Rome: we are not all  
The slaves, the patient, abject tools, thou deemst us.  
No; there are men who feel their country's wrongs,  
And I am one—am one among a band  
Who meditate a blow at Nero's sway,  
And have the will to strike.

*Epi.* And the power, Flavius?  
Have ye that power.

*Fla.* Our cause will give us power.  
The widows and the orphans' wail, the cry  
Of decimated Rome, the miseries  
Of houseless wretches who behold their dwellings  
Burnt for a tyrant's sport—these, these support it.  
These are its strength. Oh! shame upon the man

This mark \* designates the commencement, and this † the termination of such passages as are omitted in the representation.

Who dreads the failure of a cause like this.

But you are pale.

*Epi.*

Forgive me.

*Fla.*

'Tis not fear?

*Epi.* No, no; not fear, or else I were unfit  
To be a soldier's bride. Oh, this weak heart!  
It beats, but not for joy: yet I am proud  
To hear your noble daring; only tell me  
You are not plunging rashly into dangers,  
And I will smile and triumph. Say but this—  
You hesitate.

*Fla.* There are no greater dangers  
Than it befits a soldier to encounter.

*Epi.*

And your associates—are they many?

*Fla.*

Yes,

Enough—and more.

*Epi.*

And trusty?

*Fla.*

Aye—I hope so.

*Epi.* Nay, turn not from me—tell me, if you may,  
Where rests your strength. Who are your brave allies?  
Oh, name your band of heroes.

*Fla.*

Heroes! fairest—

Heroes! that word was Roman once—perhaps

Men use it still, but 'tis in mockery—

We have few heroes: it were well if all

Who join our ranks deserved the name of men—

Think'st thou the feeble sensualist, Scævius,

Is a fit guide to honourable freedom?

*Epi.*

Scævius! he thy colleague!

*Fla.*

Aye, and worse,

Base Quinctianus—false Senecio,

Once Nero's boon companion, now, his foe

Through peevish spite—the parasite Natalis—

These, these, and others whom I loathe to mention

Are my confederates. Do you marvel now

That I am sometimes sad?

*Epi.*

No, but I marvel

And grieve that you should mate with men like these.

*Fla.* They're not my choice—they are the choice of  
those

Who should have scorn'd such aid: but there are others  
Of better promise.

*Epi.*

Jove be praised!

*Fla.*

Yet these

Are richer far in craft than honesty—

They have heads and tongues—smooth, specious, subtle  
tongues.

Would they had hearts! Thou knowest Caius Piso:

He is the leader of our enterprise.

*Epi.*

A noble Roman!

*Fla.*

Yes, by birth he's noble;

By nature eloquent; is generous, splendid,

Of courteous mien, knows well the surest road

To popularity—can condescend

To humble flatterers, till they think him lowly,

And praise his wondrous zeal for liberty,

Yet be at heart as proud a very despot

As ever wore a crown. His zeal for liberty!

He heeds it not but as an useful lever

To raise himself to empire: if he plots

The fall of Nero, 'tis but to succeed him.

Oh! I am sick at heart, Epicharis,

When I review the mean and selfish motives

Which actuate our band, and dim the lustre

Of the bright cause that we have sworn to further.

They talk of rising for the public good,

And there's not one would lose a finger for it,

Save my rough comrade, Asper. Aye, he's honest,

But guileless as a child; and oft a tool

For subtle knaves to wield.

*Epi.*

Is this your strength?

*Fla.* Our strength is in the wrongs that Rome hath  
suffered.

Think not I would have joined with men like some

Whom I have named, were not our cause so bright

That it must lend a lustre even to baseness.

Such is the urgent outcry for redress,

That even abject natures, men scarce men,

Are roused to seek it. If it be disgrace

To hold with such, it were a fouler still

To linger in the rear while they press onward.

Oh, Rome, my country! shall I see thee free?

Witness, bear witness, my Epicharis,

'Tis for the general cause I draw my sword.

I seek no tortuous bye-road to advancement:

Mine is no private quarrel, no mean pique

For petty injuries, I conspire for Rome.—Pp. 8—11.

### TURKEY AND GREECE.

*Appendix to Constantinople in 1828. By Charles  
Mac Farlane, Esq. 4to. pp. 80. Saunders and  
Odey. London, 1829.*

MR. MAC FARLANE'S work has met with the success which it merited. The first edition is already exhausted; a second has been published, with additional matter, but in octavo form, and in two volumes. For the convenience, however, of those who possess the book in quarto, Mr. Mac Farlane has conscientiously published the new matter contained in the last edition separately also, in the form of an Appendix in 4to. and it is this Appendix which now lies on our table.

The professed object of the additional publication is to supply the deficiencies occasioned in the original work by the haste with which it was sent to the press, and the then ill state of the author's health; but Mr. Mac Farlane has gone over a wider field than was necessary for that purpose; he has taken pains to collect information from travellers recently returned from the scenes which form the subject of his labours, and this he imparts to the public with all the advantages of the light which his knowledge of the people and localities enable him to throw on it. The new edition of the work, therefore, might, with no great impropriety, be entitled 'Constantinople in 1829.'

The subjects on which Mr. Mac Farlane most enlarges in his Appendix are the present condition and character of the Turks and Greeks respectively. In treating of the former, he exposes their disaffection to their present government, the relaxation of their fanaticism, the obstinacy and impolicy of the Sultan, and the imperfect state of his army. He comments on the conduct of the war by the Russians, on the causes of the incomplete success of their first campaign, and on the consequences likely to ensue from the subjugation of the Ottoman Empire in Europe.

With regard to the Greeks, our author successfully labours to divest our notions of their character and proceedings, of the prejudices which the misrepresentations of opposite parties have created with regard to them; he shows that if the opinions of the advocates of the cause have vacillated and changed, the merits of the cause itself remain unaltered. He traces the prejudices which have been instilled into the minds of the friends of the Greeks in Europe to the accounts of disappointed adventurers, and still more to the sordid and interested jealousy of mercantile commission merchants. We recommend his observations on this subject to the serious attention of all who desire to form a just estimate of the interesting people whose part he takes, and of the claims they have to the sympathy and interest of their more fortunate fellow Christians of Europe—not, God be praised, in their efforts to release themselves from thralldom, since that great object is already accomplished, but in their desire to derive every due advantage from the state of freedom which they have achieved for themselves.

It is impossible to read Mr. Mac Farlane's pages without perceiving not only that he is sincere in his statements, but that these are well-founded and represent the actual truth. The calmness and fairness with which he treats every branch of his subject, the justice he renders to all, the patience with which he examines the sources of the faults with which the Greeks are charged, and which he does not deny, and of the errors of the opinions entertained respecting them, together with the reasons he gives for the feeling which he betrays—feeling as honourable to his heart as the arguments with which he justifies it, do credit to his understanding—all carry conviction on the face of them.

Mr. Mac Farlane is now actively engaged in promoting a plan for conferring an incalculable benefit on the amiable and unfortunate people who have excited so much of his interest. He is anxious to engage his fellow countrymen to aid the efforts of the Greeks to work out their own civilization. Elementary education, Mr. Mac Farlane asserts, is not wanting in Greece. It already exists to a sufficient extent. Schools are as numerous as they need be, and the advantages of reading and writing are very generally diffused. But the ability to read and write is but a short step towards civilization, where the opportunity is wanting of exercising those advantages in the acquisition of further knowledge. What is now most needed by the Greeks, in order that they may be raised to the rank of an European people, is that the notions and habits of civilization prevalent in our portion of the globe, should be parted by them; that they should possess the knowledge, and, above all, the means of acquiring knowledge, so universally enjoyed by their Christian brethren. To impart to them this great blessing, to lift them above that state of barbarity which levels them with the barbarians under whose oppressive yoke they have so long groaned, and which is seized with so much avidity by the interested and designing as a pretext for representing them to be unworthy of commiseration or succour, the most important and now required is the very simple and easy one of a supply of useful books.

With a view to obtain for the Greeks the assistance they require in this respect, a view which we imagine cannot be misconstrued, and is scarcely liable to abuse, Mr. Mac Farlane, it seems, has been lately exerting himself, not without effect, in quarters in which it appeared most likely that his appeals would be listened to. He takes the opportunity of the publication of his Appendix to open the subject more generally to those benevolent persons whom his statements may have interested in the behalf of the Greeks. No plan, we believe, is as yet organised. We shall therefore content ourselves with preparing our readers for the consideration of the subject which we shall take occasion to return to. We will merely add an expression of the confidence which the terms in which Mr. Mac Farlane submits his proposal inspire us, that his scheme will be one against which no honest objection can be urged.

For the present, we turn to the political state and condition of the late oppressors of the objects of our author's compassion. His views on this subject are so enlightened, and appear based on such thorough knowledge of the facts of the case: they are at this moment, moreover, of such peculiar interest, that we make no apology for placing them pretty fully before our readers in his own words:

If we turn to other provinces of the empire, we see similar vicious causes producing the same pernicious effects, and that even in Asia, their own continent—the home of Islamism—the power of the Turks is shaking to its very foundation. The line of operations of General Paskevitch has brought him into contact with the Armenian rayahs of the Ottoman empire; and, as he has advanced, those people, oppressed by a yoke too heavy to be borne, have every where evinced their sympathy for his successes; and now, emboldened by the rapidly succeeding reverses of their former tyrants, are joining his standard, and taking an active part in the warfare. The Armenians, who abound in the pashalik of Erzerum and the upper Turkish provinces of Asia Minor, like those subjected to Persia, and in or near to the regions which once formed their own powerful kingdom, differ from the meek, submissive, cowardly Armenians, whom I have correctly described, at Constantinople and at Smyrna. They are characterised as prudent and persevering; by no means devoid of fire and courage; and all the Armenians are physically (as far as bone and muscle go) a fine race, exceedingly robust, and capable of bearing immense fatigue. In the Armenian districts, which Russia has rescinded from Persia, troops have been raised equal to any that march under the banner of the northern eagle, and the materials now reverting to the conquerors will be similar in quality. The co-operation of the Armenians has led to, or has hastened the capture of Van; and the



value of that acquisition to the Russians is not more enhanced by the great strength and military importance of the place, than by the holy reverence attached to it by the Armenians. The city of Van may be styled one of the capitals of the Eutychean, or real Armenian church; it is the residence of a patriarch, and of a numerous and organized hierarchy. The expulsion of the infidel crescent from such a revered place cannot but be agreeable, and tend to raise the spirits of the Armenians—religious enthusiasm may prove an important ally to the Christian invaders, and that enthusiasm has now a rallying point and a place of strength. In the regions on the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, through which the Russians are advancing, they will also find a very considerable Greek population, the scattered remnants of the ancient colonies, and of the lingering last Greek kingdom of Trebizond; and of their dereliction from the Turks no doubt can be entertained.

In tracing the weakness of the empire of Mahmood I may go farther still, and even enumerate among them the disaffection of the Osmanli population itself. I have faithfully described the symptoms of oppression, and misery, and disgust, that fell under my observation; but these are nothing to what have been remarked by those who have taken a wider range in Asia Minor.

In the upper provinces on the Euxine, the discontent of the Turks has been so great, that it has frequently vented itself in expressions such as these—"We are oppressed and ruined! We cannot be worse than we are. Let the ghiaours come to-morrow, they cannot treat us so bad as our own rulers!" Fanaticism, it may be said, remains to the Osmanlis, and that feeling will suffice to provoke an obstinate and sanguinary opposition to the infidels. The Greeks, however, in the same regions, and animated with a religious spirit scarcely less fervent, when oppressed beyond endurance by the cruel and puerile Christian emperors, at Constantinople, even invited the Turks to take possession of their country, and the early establishments of the Mahometans, in Anatolia, were grateful to a Christian people. In the same manner may spiritual considerations cede to temporal ones among many of the Turks; bigotry may be found an insufficient shield, and the sultans may lose the territories they have abused, just as the Greek emperors lost them.

We may reprobate, on general principles, the encroachments of one state on the territories of another; and our feeling of abstract right may be invigorated by our fears, or our jealousy of the rapid aggrandizement of an already colossal empire, but the most valuable portion of the occupants of those invaded territories—the agricultural, the industrious population, will assuredly regard the encroachment as a benefit, and look to the result—the improvement from a change of rulers—with fervent hope or relying confidence.

It is not for the casual visitors, or the protected residents of independent European nations, to judge of the vices of the Turks—they are exempt from and indifferent to, the sufferings of the slave, and are struck with a certain grandiosity in the tyrant: but let the tributary subjects, the abused and degraded rayahs of the empire, tell their tale; let them enumerate the horrors to which they are exposed, and we may then (making every allowance exaggeration) form an estimate of the Turkish character and of the evils that attend their misrule. The language, more energetic than polite, of the Florentine secretary, may be applied with infinitely greater reason and justice by the tributary and conquered subjects of the Porte to their masters, than it was by the Italian to the oppressors of his country,—"Puzza al naso d'ognuno questo barbaro dominio!" and all the motives and feelings connected with this world, or their religious belief of another and a better life, unite and urge them to seek the subversion of the Mahometan dominion, and the re-establishment of a Christian empire in the east.

The religious mind will find pleasure in the belief, that other than merely mortal energies conduct even the temporal affairs of the inferior world, and we cannot but be struck with the conviction, that there is a strong under-current in the world's affairs, which eludes the eye or mocks the calculation or direction of human politics. The Turkish empire has been tending towards its ruin for many years, and though the Russians should not now succeed, though a potent interference in its favour may

retain it for a while on its way, still the consummation a philosophic traveller felt himself justified in desiring, will arrive, and the capital of the Osmanlis must be sought, not merely beyond the Thracian Bosphorus, but behind the Euphrates, or across the Arabian isthmus. Indeed Mahometanism in general, as one of the grand religious systems of the earth, is on the decline. In the remote east,—in India,—England has cut its wings; in Persia it trembles in the leash of Russia; in Turkey it no longer towers "in its pride of place;" its decline and restriction may be as rapid as its rise and extension, and it would not be bold to prognosticate that in another century or two, the exclusive faith of Mecca may be relegated in the barbarous continent of Africa, or linger on, in a rapid decline, in the deserts of Arabia.

A Christian cannot but rejoice at the prospect of his purer faith being substituted, and reigning in those regions where it originated; the philosopher may hail the abrogation of a bigoted, grovelling, and restrictive code, averse to science, liberality, and improvement; and the lovers of literature and art can have no sympathy with the Mahometan system, which, with the exception of the Arabs under the caliphate at Bagdad, and the Moors in Spain, seems to have been fatal to the objects of their affections, with all the people among whom it has been established.

But to the politician, the subject of the subversion of the Ottoman empire, may present feelings of a less agreeable nature, and fear and jealousy of those who are to overthrow the idol, may almost create an affection for the monster. I scarcely presume, in matters of such importance, to give an opinion directly opposed to the ideas which more generally obtain, but I have contemplated with pleasure the possibility—the probability, that none, or but few (and those few but temporary) of the evils apprehended from the occupation of Turkey by the Russians, would be felt in Europe. The vast empire of the Czars—a collection of multitudinous parts, rather than a great whole,—feels already within itself the symptoms of disseverance; and those symptoms will be matured by time, and by that improvement which, however slowly it advance, is advancing in its semi-barbarous dominions. Until the effects of that improvement be felt, Russia, however strong on her own territories, in a defensive war, or against such powers as Persia and Turkey, in an offensive one, can never be formidable to the liberties of Europe, or contemplate a struggle with the league of England, France, and Austria; but the consummation of those very effects, by inducing the separation hinted at, will reduce Russia to a discreet and compatible size. It was to cover the wildest flight of his ambition, that Napoleon drew an exaggerated and startling picture of "the giant of the north," and of the use or abuse it would make of its power: but the fashion of trembling at the bug-bear of his creating, is gone by; we have been accustomed to look to Russia as she is, without any great apprehension for our own existence, and when we see a remedy growing up with the growth of the evil that alarms us, we may await the future with confidence.

The extension of the Russian empire to Turkey would hasten the disseverance. The same emperor would not long reign on the Neva and the Bosphorus; and it seems, indeed, to have been, from the time of Catherine, the project of Russia, never to attach Turkey in Europe to the Muscovite crown; but to place a prince of the same dynasty on the throne of Constantinople, the capital of a new and friendly empire.

Political history does not teach us, that the consanguinity of princes implies uninterrupted friendship and identity of interests, but its pages are full of the wars of royal brothers and cousins, and with proofs that the qualities, the interests, the prejudices of the governed, must direct the conduct of those who govern, and rise superior to the sympathies of blood, and the spirit of family compacts.—Pp. 416—420.

Our readers must not conclude, however, that all the matter contained in Mr. Mac Farlane's 'Appendix' has a political character. His account of the dancing dervishes is highly amusing, and the pages are distinguished in many places by those happy graphic qualities which we remarked as conspicuous in his first edition.

We indulge in one more short extract, to correct

an erroneous opinion common to those who have not visited Stamboul. We particularly recommend the passage, and the note more especially directed to him, to the author of 'Tales of the Great St. Bernard.'

Though a trifle, in reference to Turkish customs, it may be as well to rectify a mistake which prevails, as to the manner in which the heads of those who have received the reward of their crime, or (cases of more frequent occurrence) have fallen under the hate or suspicion of the Porte, are disposed of in the serraglio. It has generally been supposed that those heads were stuck on pikes on the summit of the gates, or on the edges of the serraglio walls, and there exposed in horrid rows, to the gaze of the public. This popular error has sanctioned the flights of fancy, the Sultan's palace has been converted into a Golgotha, and to speak only of recent pictures drawn of the palace, a French poet describes the walls as "decorated with six thousand heads," while an English writer represents its gate as "hung with ranges of immense bones, looking ghastly in the illumination." Now, the truth is, there is nothing of all this; the heads of delinquents or victims, if of common condition, are thrown on the ground by the side of the serraglio outer gate; if of rank, as pashas, &c. "they are placed in a dish," as Doctor Walsh correctly describes in the case of Ali Pasha, of Yanina, "on a low marble pillar, between the first and second gates of the serraglio." On common occasions the heads are exposed only a few hours, but on more important ones, when government wishes to impress the people, they are left for three days, but seldom longer. After the exposure, they are thrown away, or purchased and buried by relations or friends, but are never kept to fringe walls and decorate gates. During the horrid exhibition at the gate, or within the court-yard of the serraglio, *yafias* or paper scrolls, setting forth (truly or falsely) the offences for which those heads are there, are suspended over them, "like the accusations placed over malefactors on the cross," by the Jews and other eastern nations. I once saw, what poor Lord Byron saw long before me at Constantinople—the dogs' tusks *crunching* over a human skull, not, however, in the same place, "beneath the walls of the serraglio," but in the ditch outside the land walls of the city, and near the Top-Kapoussi gate. Headless trunks, and strangled men, are often seen floating down the Bosphorus, and round the serraglio-point, but I never could learn, even from the oldest people at Stamboul, that skeletons, heads, and bones, were ever used to decorate the summits of the serraglio walls. My friend Mr. Starbuck's journal, registers a "barbarous and multitudinous exposure of "human ears" at the Babamayun-Kapoussi, or great gate, in the month of June, 1825: these were cut by the ferocious Ibrahim Pasha, in Greece, and were said to amount to more than seven hundred pair. The inscription over them imported, that these trophies were cast there in contempt! A *Firmibesh-lik*, or present of a twenty-five piastre piece, was at that time given for every pair of ears.

When a Turk is seized and beheaded on the spot, his body is laid flat on the ground on its back, and his head is placed under his arm; but the head of a Christian or Jewish rayah, in the same circumstances, is ignominiously thrust between his legs, and the body is laid on its belly. On common occasions, decapitation is, however, resorted to much less frequently than strangling, and for the Osmanlis, the formula *ought* to be gone through, of firing a cannon for every head that falls.—Pp. 449—451.

#### FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

*Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present for 1830.* Smith and Elder.

(Second notice.)

WE return to the Friendship's Offering in fulfilment of our promise to give some account of its poetical contents.

Among these, we observe numerous pieces from the popular pen of the editor, all imbued with the feeling and benignity ever conspicuous in his productions. Some of the effusions to which the most cele-

brated names are affixed smell, it is true, a little mouldy, as if they had been drawn from a score-year old portfolio,—a defect to which all annuals are more or less liable; another evil, also common to the species, is the appearance of a certain stiffness which hangs about the performance of our poets when required to write to a particular plate, and consequently on a subject not exactly to their taste, at any rate not of their choosing. Pegasus is a generous steed, and disdains bit or rein. The poetry, however, of this annual is quite equal to that of any former year, and includes many very pretty pieces. Among the distinguished names in this class of contributors, we may select for particular mention Mr. Kennedy, Mr. James Montgomery, and the Et-trick Shepherd. We have only space for a short extract or two; the first shall be the

‘SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

By George Darley.

‘Up the dale and down the bourne,  
O’er the meadow swift we fly;  
Now we sing, and now we mourn,  
Now we whistle, now we sigh.  
By the grassy-fringed river,  
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;  
‘Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,  
To their very hearts we creep.  
Now the maiden rose is blushing  
At the frolic things we say,  
While aside her cheek we’re rushing,  
Like some truant bees at play.  
Through the blooming groves we rustle,  
Kissing every bud we pass,—  
As we did it in the bustle,  
Scarcely knowing how it was.  
Down the glen, across the mountain,  
O’er the yellow heath we roam,  
Whirling round about the fountain  
Till its little breakers foam.  
Bending down the weeping willows,  
While our vesper hymn we sigh;  
Then unto our rosy pillows  
On our weary wings we lie.  
There of idlenesses dreaming,  
Scarce from waking we refrain,  
Moments long as ages deeming  
Till we’re at our play again.’—Pp. 73, 74.

Our second extract shall be from the ‘Honeymoon of Cupid and Psyche,’ by an anonymous author. It is selected for the excellent counsel it gives to young ladies:

‘A short half-hour, as Gods count time,  
And Venus reached her native clime.  
She found the wedded pair at play,  
As if the world were always May;  
Waving their little restless pinions  
Around their rosy-pathed dominions;  
Chasing and chased through groves and skies,  
Like two enamoured butterflies.  
But at their mother’s bright descent  
They left their airy element;  
Arranged her couch beneath a bower,  
Twined thick against the sun and shower;  
And nestling on the blossomed ground,  
Awaited her advice profound.

“My children,” said the handsome Queen,  
“Not even this Isle is always green;  
The brightest sky with clouds is fleckered,  
And marriage is at best but chequered:  
Now let your busy wings be furled,  
And list to one who knows the world.  
The blushes, Psyche, in those cheeks  
Have had their spell four charming weeks;  
And my wild son has worn your chains  
Four times as long as mortal swains;  
And both you pretty idiots think  
The eye of love will never wink!  
But listen, Psyche, if you’d keep  
That love from falling fast asleep;

Watch the first rising of the yawn,  
And, whether night or noon, begone;  
Disdain to talk of wrongs and rights;  
The wife’s long catalogue of slights;  
Let mortal spouses scold or pout,  
Their breath but blows the taper out.  
Be wiser, girl,—laugh, look sublime;  
(I’ve had some husbands in my time)—  
Give hints that two can think of treason,  
(Love never yet had brains for reason)—  
And, though you wept to every star  
Now beaming round the Evening’s car;  
And though the midnight heard your sighs,  
Show but one tear, the husband flies.  
With answering scorn the truant meet—  
The penitent is at your feet,  
Implores the hand the mistress gave,  
And lives the wife’s eternal slave.”—Pp. 341, 342.

In conclusion, we would read a lesson to the worldly from the ‘Fairies,’ by William Howitt:

‘Like one of that simple race I lay  
On a flowery slope in the month of May,  
Giving the heart and the wandering brain  
The dear delight of a curb-less rein,  
Till the mortal world had ceased to be,  
And my soul from its selfish taint was free;  
And the presence that through all nature broods,—  
The life of its speaking solitudes,  
With its loving spell had drawn me near,  
Making its silent mysteries clear.  
Oh! then grew the pleasant greensward rife  
With a myriad, myriad shapes of life!  
One moment, and the sunshine fell  
But on waving blades and the cowslip’s bell—  
Another! another! and then unfold  
The mantles of green, and the crowns of gold!  
And my wonder in words of gladness broke—  
“I have found!—I have found the fairy-folk!”  
—The fairy-folk! we have mourned them long  
In many a sweet but needless song:  
For now I know, by the poet’s sense,  
That the fairy tribes were never hence;  
But the worldly heart, and the fleshly eye  
Their gentle forms might not descry.  
Oh! many a good gift have we lost,  
By the witchery of the world engrossed:  
The eye, the trance, the soul of old;  
The minstrel’s thoughts and visions bold;  
And the pure and lofty mind that led  
To the heart of Nature deep and dread.  
The fairy-folk!—they never yet  
By the dim-souled sons of care were met;  
But the minstrel true and stainless still  
May call them around him at his will.  
Are not their golden bugles borne  
By the woodbine sweet, ‘mid the summer thorn?  
Seest thou not their careering steeds  
When the sunlight sweeps o’er summer meads,  
And a thousand, thousand purple bells  
Ring lightly as the wild-breeze swells?  
Float not their banners bravely where  
The gossamer mounts the autumn air?  
Shew not their festal rings as oft  
In the woodland-glade, and the hamlet croft?  
And their months of summer-mirth gone round,  
Vanish they not into the ground,  
Compelled in their voiceless gloom below  
To bide their term of penal woe?

‘The fairy-folk!—Oh! vainly said  
Our bards that they for aye were fled.  
Ah! ’twas the false world’s flattering lips  
That wooed our souls to a dim eclipse;  
And the marvels to our fathers known  
We had lost the power to make our own;  
And the fairy-folk were left to dwell  
Alone, unseen, in the forest dell.’—Pp. 198, 199.

We believe these will be found to be fair specimens of the poetry of the ‘Friendship’s Offering.’

A word in addition to our last week’s remarks on the embellishments, which in fact we by no means intended to dismiss with the mere allusion we then made to them. They are decidedly superior to those

of the last year’s annual under the same title. The frontispiece ‘Lyna’ is an exquisite specimen of delicate, soft, and highly-finished engraving, by Dean, from a painting by Wood. The figure too is very sweet and poetical. The ‘Vesuvius’ we have already mentioned. The ‘Echo’ is a sweet landscape scene, from Arnold, engraved by Goodall, full of poetry. ‘Reading the News’ is a charming group, by Wilkie, beautiful as a composition, full of variety, life, and nature. The engraving by Mr. Robinson is a *con amore* performance. The ‘Spoleto,’ from a drawing by Captain Grindley, engraved by Jeavons, is a splendid landscape remarkable for the picturesque objects which constitute it. The effect of the engraving is inferior to that of ‘Vesuvius.’ In the ‘Catherine of Arragon,’ Mr. Leslie has shown how well he can distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality. The pensive attitude and look of the queen are highly expressive. The grouping is exceedingly graceful. The engraving by Mr. Humphrys is delicate and in good style; it is effective without being forced, a medium too rarely attended to with sufficient care by the engravers of the day. ‘Mine Own’ is just one of those subjects calculated to create a little division in the opinions of young ladies and gentlemen on the subject of the beautiful; the sublime is out of the question. No doubt, however, will affect the engraving, which, without being very delicate, is brilliant. The other plates are little inferior to those we have noticed; but we have already trespassed. The name of the venerable Stothard is on the list of contributors of subjects.

We must not conclude our notice of this annual without again noticing the care with which it has been got up. Even the coat of arms which adorns the dedication page is emblazoned in a superior style. The spirit observable in the supporters bespeaks the hand of a master; they would not disgrace the pencil of a first-rate animal painter.

THE HERALDRY OF CRESTS.

*The Heraldry of Crests.* 12mo. Washbourn. London, 1829.

A very handsome little volume, the nature and utility of which may be best shown by an account of its contents. The introduction explains, with commendable brevity, the origin and import of crests, and is followed by a popular explanation of the crown, coronets, wreathes, and helmets of coat-armour. Then we have a description of beasts, birds, &c. made use of as armorial bearings or crests, which, though not exactly such as would satisfy the scientific naturalist, is quite according to the rule and spirit of that more transcendental zoology, which deals in centaurs, unicorns, griffins, and dragons; to say nothing of the pegasus, the sphinx, the phoenix, and the heraldic tiger, which, being ‘in its body similar to a wolf,’ has ‘a spike at the end of its nose, a knotted mane, and a lion’s tail.’ Then comes a short dictionary of the terms familiarly used in blazonry, which is followed by what makes the chief part of the book, a series of above a hundred plates, each containing about forty crests, which are arranged in the first instance according to the objects represented, while they are accompanied by an index of the names to which they belong. These plates are very neatly, and we doubt not correctly engraved; but the collection might be made much more useful than it is by an enlargement of the index. The three or four thousand crests with which it presents us are probably assumed and used by twenty or thirty thousand families, or nearly ten times as many names as the present index enumerates. The compiler to be sure apologizes for the omission of all the names beyond one to every crest, on the ground that a full catalogue would have too much increased the size of his book. But this, we cannot help thinking, would have been but a slight evil when taken along with the greatly augmented serviceableness of the work by which it would have been compensated. We hope he will take this hint into consideration when he brings out his next edition. We may ob-



serve too, that the affixing of the names to the engraved crests is manifestly only so much labour thrown away, inasmuch as the same purpose might be quite as well and much more easily answered by merely making the index contain references to the number of each individual crest as well as to the plate or page. Even without any enlargement of the list of names being attempted, this would be an improvement; it would be an indispensable modification in the present plan of the engravings were our other suggestion to be adopted, and all the names given by which each crest is borne, instead of only one selected from the whole. This hint too, therefore, we flatter ourselves, will be attended to, when the present copper-plates are worn out. We ought to add, that the book professes to be merely a companion to the more extended treatise (more complete at least in its statement of the principles of the art) known by the name of 'Clarke's Introduction to Heraldry,' to which, accordingly, it frequently refers the student for fuller information. It is altogether, as we have said, a very neatly got up volume, and, with certain improvements, is calculated to be extensively useful.

#### JUVENILE ANNUAL.

*The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.* Longman and Co. London.

As charming a little book, and as pretty a Christmas present as we would desire to put into the hands of a child. It is full of good precepts and of matter, apt to win to virtue. The selection of the embellishments displays both taste and judgment; for they are extremely pretty in themselves, and extremely appropriate. Of all painters that ever lived none ever depicted children with more true and characteristic feeling than Gainsboro; and the propriety of having recourse to the productions of that esteemed master to embellish a juvenile annual, needs no praise. His 'Broken Pitcher' is a delightful subject. 'Little Flora,' in the frontispiece, by W. Boaden, is quite charming. The expressive animation and innocence of the face do the heart good to contemplate it. 'French and English,' from a painting by another departed academician, W. Hamilton, is no less appropriate as an illustration than it is pleasing as a composition. 'Toinette' also is a very pretty and animated plate; but the bust, the expression of the head more especially, hardly corresponds with the tale which it is intended to illustrate.

The literary part of 'The Juvenile Souvenir' is in good keeping with its embellishments. We can afford room for two short extracts—one in prose and one in poetry. The name of the esteemed author is not required to recommend the first:

THE RECALL. BY MRS. HEMANS.

O'er the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea-foam,  
Come, thou long parted one!  
Back to thy home.  
When the bright fire shineth,  
Sad looks thy place;  
While the true heart pineth,  
Missing thy face.  
O'er the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea-foam,  
Come, thou long parted one!  
Back to thy home.  
Music is sorrowful  
Since thou wert gone;  
Sisters are mourning thee—  
Come to thine own!  
Hark! the home-voices call,  
Back to thy rest!  
Come to thy father's hall,  
Thy mother's breast!  
O'er the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea-foam,  
Come, thou long parted one!  
Back to thy home!"—Pp. 11, 12.

Of the prose pieces we prefer, for its native simplicity, 'The Young Sailor,' a true story, by the author of 'Recollections of the Peninsula.' We must justify our applause by an extract:

'The circle was now increased by Mrs. Berry, a widow in deep mourning; two daughters, of sixteen and fifteen years of age; and a boy, of fourteen, in a blue jacket and trousers, with a black ribbon round his open neck, and a falling shirt-collar, that looked dazlingly white, upon his brown throat. He had large grave eyes, and a very natural manly manner,—manly, not from imitation, but because he felt himself the eldest male of his family, and the comfort and protector of his mother and sisters. He answered my friend and his wife a few common questions with as much easy frankness as though he had been a man of twenty; eyed the dandy with a look that bespoke a resolve to steer clear of him; and very readily suffered himself to be dragged into the garden by the younger ones, where I could see, by his motions, that he was lending himself cheerfully to please them, rather than for any interest he took in their childish games.

'When tea was ready, he came in and sat silent, except when drawn out, and then he related, in a very interesting and modest manner, some adventures in which he had been engaged on his last voyage. His mother looked the while as though her soul was wrapped up in him; and his sisters seemed to the full as fond of him as she.

'When the party broke up, my friend and I stood chattering about them at the open window; and on my expressing how much I had been gratified by the young sailor, he related to me the following anecdote, which well accounts for his early manhood, and which doubtless has given a tone to his character for the rest of life.

"Fred. Berry," said my friend, "was as lively a boy, and as bold a boy, as ever stopped a cricket-ball or plunged into rough water: but he was quite the boy—perpetual motion and perpetual laughter. His father, whom I well knew, was captain of an Indian; and, on his last voyage, took Frederic with him. I remember his fitting-out, and his going home for the first time, and his fear lest the servants should think him unmanly, because, do what he would, in spite of a good gulp to check that rising in his throat, which he knew would otherwise end in a flood of tears, it did so end, and he cried. He knew not, dear fellow, that he was there and then taking leave of the bright and careless season of boyhood for ever. They sailed away, with a fine wind, for India. The name of the ship was the Providence; but she was not fated to return, though abundantly did Frederic himself experience the care and mercy of God. She took fire off Ceylon in a heavy sea, was burned to the water's edge, and at last blew up. Captain Berry was determined to see every soul out of the vessel before he quitted her; but with the natural anxiety of a father, he provided, as he thought, for the safety of Frederic, by ordering him into the first boat which got clear: the two smaller ones were immediately swamped by the side of the ship. As the flames ran fast over the vessel, licking up every thing with tongues of fire, and were now fast approaching the magazine, Captain Berry, falling on his knees, recommended his child, in fervent prayer, to the providential care of God, and implored that he might be spared, as a comfort and blessing to his mother and the family. At this moment his eye caught the figure of his child, in the glare, close to him. The gallant boy had, it seems, evaded the order of his father, that he might share his fate. Captain Berry in a moment comprehended the meaning of his brave boy: and running to him, he lifted him up in his arms, kissed him, then—springing on the taffrail—threw him out into the deep. How long it may have been afterwards that he left the vessel himself, is not known: he perished! Frederic clung to a spar, and was picked up soon after daylight by a boat from the shore. There he was hospitably received by a worthy merchant, and by him committed to the care of a fine, warm-hearted captain, who brought him home, and with whom he still sails. I shall never forget that boy's return to his mother and family! I was in the room at the moment! He had gone forth a merry-hearted boy,—he came back a man!"—Pp. 209—212.

The table of contents, in its list of contributors, has, among other distinguished names, the following:

—The Author of 'Constantinople in 1828,' T. K. Hervey, Miss M. A. Browne, Barry Cornwall, Howitt, Pringle, and Mrs. Opie. These names are the best recommendation to the little book.

*A Sermon on the Absolute Necessity of Increased Vigilance and Zeal in the Clergy of the Established Church.* By Henry Raper Slade, Cantab. Rivingtons. London, 1829.

OUR reverend preacher, it seems, does not confine his labours to the direction of his flock by lessons from the pulpit. By way of two-fold edification he occasionally instructs them in their duty through the medium of a newspaper, a Sunday paper, too, if we mistake not—a respectable journal, no doubt, although the very name of Liberal would have forbidden our seeking in its columns for the lucubrations of a clergyman of the establishment and advocate of the hierarchy.

We should mistake, however; and, what is more, we find that not only does 'The Liberal' admit the contributions of the Rev. Henry Raper Slade, Cantab, but that it is read by a Bishop! the Right Reverend Prelate of Bath and Wells; that is to say, when there happens to be a biographical sketch of himself in it.

All this we learn from the dedication of the Sermon before us. The same dedication imparts, moreover, a most important secret, namely, that the preacher is desirous of the patronage and friendship of the diocesan! He asks his lordship's pardon, if 'he has overstepped the modesty of nature and youth in publishing and dedicating' the discourse to his lordship. 'But,' adds our disinterested divine, 'if it meets with your lordship's approbation, and entitles me to your lordship's encouragement and patronage, I shall feel myself the most fortunate of mortals.' Who doubts it? Yet let not our readers suspect an interested motive; let us look to the language of the Sermon, and surely the following passage from the mouth of a preacher would acquit him of all but the purest intentions, and prove that the expressions we have quoted are used in pure simplicity of heart, and unsuspecting ignorance of the ways of this iniquitous and hard judging world.

"Simon Bar-jesus, let thy money perish with thee," said the Apostle, when that ignorant conjuror desired to buy the gift of the Holy Ghost. An equally strong denunciation might be launched against those who take up the cross and mislead by their rant, the ignorant and credulous, for the sordid purpose of self-subsistence and the love of mammon. Better that a mill-stone were tied about their necks and themselves cast into the sea, than that they should be suffered to usurp such a pretext to immortally injure the simple and unsuspecting. I say, in the emphatic language of our Lord, "that it had been better for them had they never seen the light."—P. 9.

*Scènes Comiques, tirées de Molière, Regnard, Destouches, Le Sage, Collin, D'Harleville, Casimir, Delavigne, Picard, Duval, &c.* 18mo. Simpkin and Marshall. Londres, 1829.

A MOST useful little book for the students of the French language of every age and sex, as the names of the authors from whose works the selections are made, abundantly testify. Care has been taken to exclude all matter not fit for the perusal of children.

#### THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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## AMERICA. RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ATHENÆUM.'

SIR,—When a writer draws an inference from a partial statement of a question, truth demands that fuller investigation should be employed. On that account, I shall furnish a few observations on the arguments of your correspondent, on the comparative worth of English and American authors, and also of the method, which, he says, ought to be pursued in the inquiry, whether an ecclesiastical establishment be necessary to a state. When comparison is made between two nations, fairness would require that there should be a similarity in their circumstances; that their advantages and means of improvement should have had at least some resemblance to each other. But what is the case between England and America? The latter has only been for half a century an independent nation; the former dates its literary institutions, at latest, from the time of Alfred. During a long period, the sources of information might be said to be common to the two nations, till the mother country wished to exert undue authority over her colonies. They were formed on principles that were not likely to submit to injustice. The descendants of those who planted Maryland, Virginia, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, after having obtained wealth by hard labour, and practical information by experience—they who had been brought from their infancy to consider religion as a personal concern, and the right of private judgment as inseparable from a rational being—were not likely to submit to ecclesiastical usurpation more than to regal dictation. Though their opportunities had been comparatively few for literary attainments, when independence was to be sought, a Jefferson, an Adams, a Hancock, and a Washington appeared; and the constitution they framed accorded with the principles of liberty they professed. They introduced no established church; but they omitted no means for giving to the poor education, and furnishing universities for the middling and higher classes to obtain instruction, without signing articles of faith, or excluding those who could not conform to the opinion of the multitude. Hence is it that the rising generation in America will possess the means of acquiring knowledge without being party spirit, or without having to depend on the charity of individuals, for supplying the education the government of England has neglected to secure for all its subjects. Let time be granted, let the means provided for promoting literature in America have due opportunity for showing their effect, then it may and will be discovered whether an ecclesiastical establishment be requisite; and whether the existence of one in Great Britain has not been employed to promote court-intrigue, by pensioning hirelings, or fostering aristocratical influence. But what was the early state of Rome? For five hundred years it had no historian to record its rise and progress. Russia, now the largest empire in the old world, for many centuries produced no writer of note. Though England may boast of its numerous publications, what are they compared to the productions of Germany? But many travellers, who have resided both in England and America, and were fully competent to form an accurate opinion, have not hesitated, London excepted, to put the literature of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, upon an equality with that of Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool; and have given the preference to the society of Boston and Charlestown to Bristol, Sheffield, and Birmingham.

But it is time to attend to the arguments the writer uses respecting establishments of religion. He says, the first question is, 'the religious ground, that there is need of a link to connect a man's will with his intentions, the source of his action with the direction of it; so that he may neither be a quietest, nor a worldling.' By a quietest, it is supposed, is meant one who does not consider he has any duties to discharge either to God or to the community of which he is a member. By a worldling, one who makes the concerns of this world his

chief or only occupations. It may be asked, whether the writer imagines, that a religion, enjoined and enforced by the civil authority, will change the hearts or alter the conduct of either the quietest or the worldling? It may make of either, or both of them, hypocrites; but it will not, it cannot affect the will, or give a right direction to it. Genuine religion is founded on the behalf of the goodness and mercy of our Creator, and our duty ever to obey his commands. These are contained in the revelations he has bestowed, confirming the dictates of an enlightened conscience. These commands are to enlighten our understanding, and to present suitable motives to the practice enjoined. What have been the effects of church and state, wherever they have been tried? Corruptions, inventions, and traditions have been substituted for simplicity and conviction, the result of unbiassed inquiry. Superstition, ignorance, intolerance, and persecution, with their long train of national and domestic evils have ensued. I would appeal to the candour of the writer of the article, I am controverting, to inform the public what have been the results of the monarchy of England on literature and science, on the moral and mental improvement of the nation, compared with the expense it has cost, and the injustice it has exercised over those who deemed it their duty to worship God in that way they judged most accordant with the scriptures. I would solicit his attention to the resolutions passed in Ireland by some of the warmest defenders of the English church, and then an answer will be given to the political tendency of such institutions; to provide for tutors, and dependants of the nobility; to aid in strengthening the aristocratical influence, and to corrupt the representatives of the people.

This involves the third inquiry, 'Whether the literature does not require a link between learning and the state, in order that it may be saved from submitting to, and be operative upon the will of the multitude.' The link required is the law. That should emanate from the representatives of the nation, religion is the duty belonging to every individual. It is the concern of the creature with his Creator, not of man with priest or king. Bishops and convocations are no necessary parts of a well-formed constitution. It is the press, the unrestrained press, that is to be the political lamp-lighter, and to call forth the restraints of magisterial power, if there be occasion. The multitude, if properly instructed in early life, and furnished with means of employment, are more disposed to quietism than to insurrection. On the next point, the writer seems to consider America to be no competent judge, whether a religious establishment is or not necessary for the well-being of a state. She is, however, content to be without one, and whilst she sees sects of all different classes uniting to promote general improvement, whilst each cheerfully contribute their quota to the exigencies of the United States, whilst they witness their public debts yearly diminishing, and their revenues applied to the internal benefit of their country, and their schools and universities multiplying, they can look forward to a period when their poets, their historians, and their men of science, will become as distinguished as those by whom they may now be despised.

Your obedient servant, L.

## FRAGMENT ON THE HIGHER DEGREE OF FREEDOM UNDER DESPOTISMS.

(Translated from the *Hesperus* of J. P. Richter.)

Not in colleges and commonwealths only, but in monarchies, alas! plenty of discourses are held—not to the people, but to the people's *curatores absentis*. Thus there is enough of freedom in monarchies, though in despotisms more of it than in those or in republics. A genuinely despotic state, like a frozen bottle of wine, has not lost its spirit (of freedom), but concentrated it from the watery element round it into a 'very fiery particle.' In such happy states, freedom is participated only by

the few who are ripe for it, *i. e.* the Sultan and his bashaws; and this goddess, who has been depicted even oftener than the phoenix, holds herself indemnified for the fewness of her votaries on account of their peculiar zeal and merit—the more so, as her little band of *σπουδαί* or initiated (the Bashaws,) enjoy its precious influence in a measure of which the multitude can never be susceptible. Freedom, like a legacy, is lessened by the number of the legatees; and he is the most free who is alone the heir of freedom. Democracy, like oil-painting, can only be exhibited on an even surface—canvas, for instance; but despotism stands out in *alto rilievo*. Despotic freedom dwells, like canary-birds, only in high cages; republican freedom, like yellow-hammers, only in long ones.

A despot is the practical reason of a country; the subjects are but so many wayward impulses contending with it, which of course are to be rationally overcome. Thence to him alone belongs the legislative power; the executive is entrusted to his favourites. Judicious men, in all ages, as Solon and Lycurgus, have possessed the power of law-giving only, and have figured as the magnetic needle which guided the state vessel. But a despot, as the legitimate offspring of these great men, himself consists, in a manner, of pure law, whether his own or that of others, and is the loadstone mountain, which attracts the state-vessel to itself. 'To be slave to oneself is the hardest of all slavery,' says an ancient; but the despot only demands an easier slavery of others, and takes upon himself the harder. It has been said by another, *parcere scire, par imperio gloria est*; thus a negro slave obtains renown and honour equally with a negro king. *Serui pro nullis habentur*; wherefore, we political non-entities feel the pressure of the court-atmosphere as little as of the natural; but despotic real entities deserve their exalted freedom, as they know so well to feel and to prize it. A republican in this higher sense, for example, a King of Persia, whose cap of liberty is a turban, and whose tree of liberty a throne, fights in the rear of his san-culottes and military propaganda, with a warmth for freedom, such as ancient authors paint and praise. Nay, we never can be entitled to deny the soul of Brutus to these royal republicans, until they have been put to the proof; and if good were as often commemorated by history as evil, we should have had to show amongst us many Khans, Shahs, Rajahs, Kaliphs, &c. full many an Hannodius, Aristogiton, or Brutus, magnanimously capable of purchasing *their own* freedom, (slaves fight for that of other people) even by the sacrifice of their best men and friends.

## THE SCOTCH STUDENT.

(Continued from p. 647.)

In his character, fashion of living, and amusements, the northern differs widely from the student of the more polished Universities of the south. The former would not stare more strangely at the scarlet jacket or dashing tabor of some future bishop, or regard with more astonishment the sumptuous entertainments of an English collegian than would the latter were he to take part in the larks, or assist at the petit-soupers of a Caledonian *alma mater*.

I have said that I gazed upon the 'outward man' of the Edinburgh juveniles with amazement, not greatly mingled with admiration, and perhaps if I were to confess the honest truth, I should be forced to admit that my after impressions partook very much of the same unamiable character. Were I to remain twenty years in Scotland, I never could reconcile myself to five-pair-of-stair lodgings, whisky punch,\* and golf.

My very bones ache, even now, while I think of the altitude of my friend ——'s abode. Ninety-two stairs! stone ones too, ere I could gain admi-

\* We presume the writer is a water drinker.—ED.

sion to his eyrie. At every landing-place the paneless frames of a window gave ingress to the rushing blast and driving sleet. And yet, these apertures have their advantages; for they served to enliven the ascent, and enable one to pick a way through the dirt of that dirtiest of all highways—a common stair. But such aid was wanting to the nocturnal visitant; lamps were there none, and the unfortunate climber is left to his fate and his feeling—things but little to be relied upon on such occasions. 'Tis true the downward passage was usually facilitated by the supply of the lassie with a *candle* to light the gentleman: but gallantry would not allow this assistance to be carried further than the second, or at most the third flat in the descent, and after having wished Jeannie good night, and thanked her for her trouble, he is left to pursue his own devices, and if he arrives safe at the bottom, he has nothing but his own stars to thank for escaping the remaining perils.

All this, however, may be borne when good cheer and a hearty welcome have rewarded the labour. But conceive the lot of him who at the end of a long walk through the snow on a winter evening, heeding not his wet feet and frost-bitten nose, by reason of the warming prospect of a good fire and comforting viands, toils up flat after flat to comply with his friend's cordial invitation of coming in any evening when he has nothing to do, as he will be sure of finding him at home; and when he arrives, luckless wight! discovers that his inviter, not expecting any one on such a night, *was gone out*; to which is added, the consolatory information that it is the first time he has done so for a month.

Half-a-dozen mornings' calls in Edinburgh are about equal to ascending Ben Lomond, fully entitling the caller to a double allowance of beef-steak, if such a thing could be obtained; but alas! there is a *hiatus valde deflexus* betwixt a dish of minced collops and a solid preparation of the same material at Dolly's: a still greater gulph is there between the miserable cook-shop of Auld Reikie, and the chop-house of our own land. A London clerk, or hungry templar, would look in vain for those gastronomic institutions which he is wont to contemplate with such pleasing anticipations as the feeding hour approaches. No pretty Margaret or civil Bertolini is there to detail the smoking treasures of the kitchen; he cannot there listen to the re-echoing sounds of the speaking trumpet, down whose throat go the delightful interchange of thought betwixt the waiter and the cook, and where in the confusion of tongues he recognises his own '*at-tail for No. 6*.' In Edinburgh no man having the slightest pretension to decency, or the most remote love of cleanliness and good cooking, could enter an eating-house with the intention of dining; or if he were so rash he would inevitably retreat, lest the converse of swallowing should unhappily ensue. The sojourner there is constrained to feast within the precincts of his own walls, and to behold the eternal leg of mutton come day after day upon his solitary table, till, approaching to its termination about the eighth, he gives it the coup de grace by '*ordering it to be hashed to-morrow*.' Some might suppose that a easier way of getting rid of the troublesome joint would be to ask a friend to help him; but no! such extravagancies are rarely perpetrated amongst students. A man has but little chance of dining out in Scotland, for the invitation necessarily consequent even upon a letter of introduction, is invariably limited to a breakfast, or at most, a supper; and when the fashion is set by the elders, how can it be expected that the juniors should neglect to follow a custom so congenial to a Scotchman's economy; though it must be confessed that breakfasts are very pleasant things, especially northern ones, and that supper is very agreeable while it is devouring: the one is unsociable, and the other indigestible; and I certainly think most Englishmen will agree with me in preferring their own mode of extending civilities to either of the others.

When I speak of the rarity of student's dinner parties, I beg leave to exempt one class from the

several imputations; I mean certain youths who, having kept eleven terms at Oxford or Cambridge, and become duly versed in *other arts*, come to Edinburgh for the sake of that which it would be useless to seek for in their own universities—a knowledge of the *healing art*. These gentlemen think, by a display of the habits of their own *alma mater*, where they have generally been very *little men*, to become, in the eyes of the northern Goths, very *great ones*. They look upon themselves as the aristocrats of the University, and give themselves airs accordingly. They allure the unwary by sumptuous entertainments, and should any one presume to differ from them, or oppose their authority, they silence them at once by the overwhelming information that '*it was so at Cambridge*.' Sometimes they have been across the herring pond, and even into Germany, and then, Heaven defend us! comes the guide to Paris abbreviated:—bad taste in pictures corrected, false proportions in architecture explained, opinions in statuary before which Canova would be crumbled in the dust.

It may perhaps occur also that some dapper apprentices of the London College of Surgeons, who are '*getting their chemistry in Edinburgh*,' emulous of the style of these A.B.'s, combine to accomplish a similar piece of gentility, exchanging, however, the white soup and turbid of the former for less costly viands, and treating their visitors with libations of humble port in place of Hock and Sauterne. Such deviations from established custom are growing more frequent of late, and it would not be a matter of great surprise if, ten years hence, a legitimate Scotch student should be found inviting his fellow-classesmen to haggis and Cape Madeira.

Putting aside these monstrosities in the narrow compass of their domestic economy, the entertainments of their friends, by our Scotch students, is the cheapest exercise of hospitality imaginable. A cup of bohen, and whisky toddy *ad libitum*, constitute the whole expenditure; and one may buy for five shillings enough of the latter to make a regiment of dragoons dead drunk. Of these minor debaucheries there is quite sufficient to produce, the next morning, a respectable column in the police report; and the broken rest of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the College bears ample testimony, that, though the Scotchmen may be a very strong-headed race, they are not more proof against the effects of strong waters than the nation whose immorality they are too apt to rail against. The author of '*Modern Athens*' says, somewhere, that the dissipation of the Edinburgh callants, even of the respectable class, is of a lower order than that of any other set of young men in the kingdom, and I must say that my own observation has not led me to doubt the assertion, always excepting the surgical students of the London hospitals.

Would any one of my readers form a just notion of the royal game of golf, let him conceive a set of school-boys playing '*Hooky*' on a half holiday. Substituting, however, for the performers in the latter, the most respectable men in Scotland, lords and lawyers, professors and politicians, dressed in scarlet coats and followed by a crowd of minor characters; some of whom, in the shape of ragged laddies, carry huge bundles of crooked sticks with which the performers knock about a little penny ball till their arms ache. Further edification I could discover none. And yet what will not national vanity presume to declare? One Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen! The manners of North America are far superior to those of Europe! And will it be credited that amusement fit only for the play-ground is audaciously upheld as a competitor to the elegant and athletic cricket!! All is vanity, saith the preacher.

But while I speak of the coarse let me not forget the refined. Let me not omit that lesser Bond Street; that Paradise of new coats and frail fair ones—Prince's Street—on about 200 yards of whose pavement betwixt the hours of three and five are collected all that is worthy in man (read *outward man*.) Where the first-year man and the dubbed doctor, military spurs not belonging to military men,

and ladylike bonnets not belonging to ladylike women mingle in a confused maze, where invitations are given and received, tailors recommended and love manufactured; where valuable time is spent and habits of idleness acquired never again to be retrieved. Perhaps there is no sign so distinguishing of an idle student as the fact of his being a Prince's Street frequenter, at least the professors and the industrious alike set their mark upon the one to visit them heavily at their examination, and the other not to visit them at all. I would sooner have met one of my examiners, at a gentlemanly distance with hair triggers, than have encountered him on that unhallowed ground three days running.

But while I ridicule the follies or expose the defects of the race amongst whom I some time pitched my tent, let it be remembered that it is the froth only my breath seeks to reach, and that while I amuse myself with its weakness, the more solid and substantial have remained untouched. I have blown at the chaff, but the corn remains. Were I disposed to attempt it, my feeble efforts would completely fail to disturb in the slightest the well-founded reputation which Edinburgh has earned to itself as a college of learning and a school of medicine. But if I am impotent to injure, so I am feeble to support, and to others abler than myself will I leave the erection of a just tribute to its merits, a tribute in which the talents of the teachers and the superiority of its system shall meet their due.

#### SORTES SHAKSPERIANÆ.

For one who has discovered that the faith which he held when he was altogether a child is not quite so absurd as he thought it when he had become a three-quarters man.

'I stuck my choice upon her ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue,  
Where the impression of mine eye infixing  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warped the line of every other favour  
Scorched a fair colour, or expressed it stolen,  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object, thence it came  
That she whom all men praised, and whom myself  
Since I have lost, have loved, was in my eye,  
The dust that did offend it.'

*All's well that ends well.*

A suitable commission for a critic.

'Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur, get your weapons  
in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble bee on the  
top of a thistle, and good Monsieur bring me the honey  
bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mon-  
sieur, and good Monsieur, have a care that the honey bag  
break not: I would be loth to have you overflowed with a  
honey bag, Monsieur.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

For the author of the '*Devil's Elixir*,' Peter Schlemihl, or any of the second-rate Germans of that school.

'Here's a fellow who frights humour out of its wits.'

*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

For the author of '*Vivian Grey*.'

'A my word the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very  
pretty boy. A my troth I looked on him o' Wednesday  
half an hour together—h'as such a confirmed countenance.  
I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he  
caught it he let it go again, and after it again, and over  
and over he comes and up again and caught it again; or  
whether his fall enraged him, or how it was, he did so  
set his teeth and did tear it, oh I warrant how he mam-  
macked it.'

*Coriolanus.*

The principle of some recent biographers.

'The herbs that have on them the cold dew of night  
Are strewings fittest for graves.'

*Cymbeline.*



For a popular martyr.

'I suffer for the truth, sir, and therefore we learn the sour cup of prosperity; affliction may one day smile again, and until then sit thee down sorrow.'

*Love's Labour Lost.*

A good precedent for the Benthamite mode of reasoning against the universities.

'Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? Why have "three" studied ere you'll thrice wink, and how easy it is to put "years" to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.'

*Love's Labour Lost.*

For those who do not 'want men of wit and imagination, and great powers of reasoning, and all that, but plain useful matter-of-fact men.'

'Care I for the limbs, the thews, the stature, and big resemblance of a man? Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer;—come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow Shadow: give me this man, he presents no mark to the enemy; the fowls may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife. And for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, this woman's tailor, run off! Oh, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.'

*2nd. part of Henry IV.*

Why the authors of anonymous fashionable novels ought to publish their names in the 'Morning Chronicle' puffs.

'Bottom (publisher) toquitor.—Masters you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, God shield us, a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.'

'Snout (shopman).—Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.'

'Bottom (publisher).—Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus or to the same defect; 'Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think I came hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him tell his name, and say plainly he is Snug the Joiner.'

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

'Mr. Peel,' says a Tory paper, 'is grievously wounded at the approbation which the public has universally bestowed upon Mr. Sadler.' The following passage is humbly submitted to the consideration of the Home Secretary.

'She did shew favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awaken your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent new jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you redeem it by some attempt either of valour or policy.'

*Twelfth Night.*

#### MOUNT VESUVIUS IN 1829.

(From the German\*.)

A MORE than usual interest has been taken in the operations of Mount Vesuvius since the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Rome and of the Monte Cave and Albano more especially, have been kept in perpetual alarm by daily earthquakes, for in the minds of the multitude here all volcanic phenomena

\* Letter from Herr Waiblinger, inserted in the 'Abend Zeitung.'

are connected with Vesuvius. This opinion, no doubt, it would be difficult to maintain by proofs, but it may be excused to a superstitious people, when they find their houses so sensibly affected by the shocks, as for the windows of their chambers, however well fastened, to be thrown open. This happened to me at Velletri on the night of the 30th of May. My own longing to be at Naples was certainly by no means slight, for since the great eruption of ashes in March, 1828, when my impatience to be on the spot made the soil at Rome seem to burn under my feet, the Spirit of the Mountain had been incessantly at work, and since his operations had this year assumed a peculiar character, and an aspect indeed any thing but peaceable, it seemed to me probable that Vesuvius might be the scene of something extraordinary. It appeared not unlikely, for instance, that as an unusual effect had accompanied the extreme drought of the preceding season, so something wonderful might be expected to follow the perpetual rains of the present spring; for truly I have never yet experienced in Italy such wretched weather as we have had since January. For whole months together Vesuvius was rarely to be seen without clouds, and the weather in April and May, in which the sky, in ordinary seasons, is most serene, reminded me of a stormy spring in Germany.

Last year I had ascended Vesuvius more than once, and each time found myself amply recompensed for the arduous task of climbing to the mouth of the crater. The inner cone, at intervals, threw up fire, which often reached the crater's edge; and sometimes it vomited forth clouds of smoke and ashes, which rose to a greater height above the mouth of the volcano than is the summit of the mountain itself above the sea. The stones it cast up reached the hermitage. I had often heard the subterranean thunder in the solitude of Capri. When I ascended the mountain the last time, in October, it sent forth a noise, especially on the side towards the Somma, like the thunder of artillery breaking in on volleys of musquetry.

I arrived at Naples at the end of May this year, most anxious as to the state of the mountain; but the ascent was for a long time prevented by the persevering sirocco which daily brought rain, or at least clothed the summit of the mountain in mist. At last we enjoyed a fine June day, and set off under the sultry heat of a summer noon at Naples.

The rogues of Resina, as usual, laid a forcible embargo on our persons, pulled us about, and demanded most exorbitant prices for their asses. Resolved not to give a grain more than what I had paid on former occasions, we set out on foot rather than give way to the extortionate rabble. I shall not describe our journey up the mountain; every one knows the labour of arriving at the mouth of the crater through the loose and sliding footing afforded by the cinders that cover the cone. By four o'clock we were on the top; and, although the sirocco's mist imparted the grey of a northern region to the mountains, sea, and islands which form the view from the summit, and sometimes prevented our seeing more than a few paces before us, yet my companions were delighted at beholding the yellow masses projected upwards in the midst of dense smoke, and the vast streams of flame which occasionally rushed towards the sky from the great opening. Within the crater, the smaller cone of cinders, forty or fifty feet in height, had opened in two places, and from both these mouths vomited forth fire and lava, remitting during certain periods, during others for a long time together uninterruptedly. On the day of our visit it vomited incessantly, only with more or less violence, and at times with a horrible roaring, and with such force that the column of fire reached the rock which forms the edge of the crater, while the clouds of smoke rushing and whirling with immense rapidity, now rolling upwards, expanded through the air, and now driven downwards by the wind, filled the whole crater. Heated stones also flew forth, alighting as they descended on the sides of the cone, covering it to the very foot with fiery masses. The cone itself shook with the con-

cealed subterranean thunder. The lava, flowing from the several orifices, sent forth its highest and most purple flames, and its thickest smoke. Eastward there was another more considerable stream of lava, whose vivid flames enabled us, at times, to estimate distinctly, the rapidity of its course as it flowed downwards, forming a small bright stream of fire along the dusky ground.

After my companions, stout hearty Germans, had enjoyed this spectacle for some time, and had recruited their strength with a glass of *Lachryme Christi*, they prepared to enter the crater. They had been already some weeks before at the summit of Vesuvius, but it was on one of those cloudy days, when the prevalence of vapour renders a sight of the gulph impossible. They were resolved not to lose this opportunity, but to take advantage of the favourable state of the weather, and to examine the crater in a thorough truly German manner. They were right in doing so, as it was possible they might not again visit the south. However, being already more familiar with Fra Diavolo, whom I greeted on this occasion as an old acquaintance, as one whom I had already beheld vomiting forth from his awful domicile, his thunder and fire streams, and discharging his red hot missiles through the air, I was unwilling, worthy, and dear to me as were my companions, to make for their sakes a sacrifice which could in no wise benefit them, but certainly would greatly weary me; besides, I have run through so great a proportion of my career, have travelled and seen so much, that I have taken the resolution henceforth to spare myself as much as possible, unless where a proportionate advantage, such as some extraordinary excitement, or some enjoyment not rarely to be experienced, was to be the reward. I could expect nothing of the kind on this occasion; yet did I encourage my friends to descend into the crater, that they might receive a more adequate impression of its vast depth, which always appears more inconsiderable than it really is. The same is the case with the circumference, the extent of which is generally underrated by its appearance.

I first saw my friends with difficulty let themselves down the first abrupt precipice of rock, and then seated myself comfortably on a little platform among the cinders, from which I commanded a view of the whole gulph of the crater, and enjoyed, besides, the prospect of the sea, islands and mountains and plains. I contemplated the rich colours in this mighty volcano, the green, so pleasing to the eye; and the various gaudy tints of the yellow sulphur which covered its sides, spreading a crust over the entire surface of the rock; there, although concealed amidst a body of the densest vapour, was the source whence the stream of lava rushed, boiling forth in all the brightness of living fire; small and innumerable volumes of smoke were issuing from the sides of the rock, while from the double jaws of the ash-black cone, a vast unbroken mass of thick vaporous fire, smoke, and cinders, was whirled upwards in a thousand spirals, and cracking in the air. I turned to the west, and beheld the Bay of Naples spreading before me under the pale and melancholy blue of the sirocco, with its promontory and islands rising dusky from out the sea: a second bay appeared through the mist over the fruitful mountains of Sorrento; and over the rich and verdant plains of the Campagna Felix, a third; the whole engirdled by the boundless element. At my feet lay the Castellamare peninsula stretching to the Cape of Minerva; and opposite, the beautiful strangely intersected landscape, from Castel d'Uovo to the Cape of Mesinum. Hence the view wandered through a wider range, and extended from the Island of Circe to the sea that washes the shores of Sicily; and with these all the associations from the time of Ulysses to Conradin of Swabia, crowded at once to my mind.

On looking again into the crater, I perceived my friends so many diminutive figures, their voices and shouts scarcely to be heard, clambering over the many-coloured soil of sulphur, I saw them

approach the source of the lava; they stirred it, as I afterwards learnt, with their climbing poles, which ignited, and watched for some minutes the burning, boiling, and flowing mass.

Throwing some pieces of copper money into the liquid fire, the coin soon became surrounded, and, removed from the stream, was in a few minutes to be held in the hand a piece of hard stony lava. Two of the explorers, it seemed, desired to look into the mouth of the cone itself, and tried to ascend it in spite of the hot stones and flakes of fire cast upwards in abundance, and of the numerous sulphur vapours ever changing direction with the current of wind which threatened to suffocate them. They had already mounted about twenty feet when an awful explosion threw up a whole hell's contents of fire and vapour towards the sky, and a hail of crackling stones came showering down upon the cone. The wind carried the clouds of smoke back again into crater, in such manner that the daring adventurers disappeared from my sight. I did not contemplate this fearful spectacle without anxiety, and full ten minutes passed before I again got a glimpse of my friends and beheld the two standing with their companions at the foot of the cone. I took the flask of *lachrymæ christi* that was by my side, and drank to the health of my friends in the regions below. When they returned to the mouth of the grand crater, they would not be satisfied without making the circuit of it, and the sun had already disappeared below the sirocco haze that hung on the horizon before they again joined me. We descended without adventure, but on arriving at Resina could procure no carriage to convey us to Naples. We were obliged to make our way there on foot, and arrived an hour after midnight, half dead with fatigue.

#### THE DIVAN.

*The Doctor Blewit enthroned as usual.—Major Sackville and Sancho see his supporters—the Doctor's foot sinister is pined on a footstool.*

BLEWIT.—I tell you, Major, it is not the gout. God bless me, Sir, may not a man have an inflamed foot, a footstool, and if you please, a love of his own way, without having the gout?

SACKVILLE.—Assuredly he may, Doctor. So the Russian Emperor may march to Constantinople, impose, as the price of his return, conditions on the poor Turk which he cannot possibly fulfil, and yet have no design at all upon the throne of the Sultans;—all these things may be, but people will entertain impertinent suspicion of the contrary.

BLEWIT.—Don't talk to me, Major Sackville, about Turks and Russians; I tell you, Sir, that I have not got the gout; Sancho—Mungo—all my domestics know very well that this swelling of my foot does not arise from the gout. I look upon it as a very unkind remark of any man to say that I have the gout.

SANCHO.—*Fronti nulla fides.*

SACKVILLE.—*Bartie.*

BLEWIT.—I am in most serious earnest, Sir.

SACKVILLE.—This is really very astonishing to me. Why, Doctor, should you be so anxious to repudiate the imputation. What is there in the gout, that a man should be ashamed of it? For my own part, I protest it would give me more proud satisfaction to experience an attack of that gentleman-like disease than if people were to call me Sabalkansky. Sir, immediately on my medical attendant certifying to such an event, I should despatch our trusty friend, Mungo, to the office of the 'Morning Post,' desiring that a paragraph might be instantly inserted of this nature:—'We understand that Major Sackville is confined by a fit of the gout;' for my part, far from concealing it, I should wish such a point of my history to be known throughout the world;—the gout, Sir, is an evidence of gentle blood—a mark of natural dig-

nity; it is a most patrician and literary disease and distinction,—let it not be despised, it is of important utility.

Et s'il n'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer.

BLEWIT.—(more composed).—Well, Major, well, perhaps you may take the right view of the question. Though I am not altogether of your opinion; one of these evenings, when I have dismissed my footstool and easy shoe, we will settle the merits of the case. Now, tell me what has been moving lately in the world, for I have been as you perceive, a prisoner in one of its dark corners.

SACKVILLE.—I have heard of nothing.

SANCHO.—What! not heard of the Manchester Steam-carriages, Doctor. They have provided us conveyances at last which are moved through the world at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

BLEWIT.—Astonishing.

SACKVILLE.—It will not be astonishing a year hence; in the course of ten years, horses will be dismissed and despised, they will only be found in the gardens of the Zoological Society and the collections of the curious. In those bright days, when we want to move into the country, we shall not send to Mr. Newman for post-horses. No such thing, we shall be transported there by relays of Congreve rockets; and travellers in a hurry to get up a book for the benefit of Mr. Colburn, will perform their tours on the outside of a cannon-ball.

SANCHO.—That will be impossible, Major.

SACKVILLE.—Do not tell me of impossible, there is no meaning in the term; have we not already overcome half the impossibilities of our ancestors.

BLEWIT.—Well Sancho, what other news have you to impart; any thing stirring in the literary world?

SANCHO.—Yes; Longman has published another volume of Poetry by L. E. L. called—

SACKVILLE.—Come, move on, move on, Sancho. (The Major here pines his cigar with unusual vigour, and half haunts, half groans, 'Oh no, we never mention her.')

SANCHO.—I declare, Major, 'this is too bad,'—to use a ministerial expression. Do you know, Sir, that Miss Landon has been compared to Shakespeare? Doctor, have you not a word to say for poor Miss Landon?

BLEWIT.—Miss Landon is a young woman of some talent.

SANCHO.—I know her books have sold very well, if that proves any thing.

BLEWIT.—That certainly proves something, Sancho. I do not know that it proves any thing in favour of their contents;—but give us something else.

SANCHO.—Mr. Lister, the successful author of 'Granby,' was declared the other evening the successful author of a new tragedy.

SACKVILLE.—A tragedy!

SANCHO.—Even so, Major. A tragedy called 'Epicharis' it has met with more success at Drury Lane than it deserved.

BLEWIT.—Was it much applauded?

SANCHO.—Not much during the progress of the piece, but at the conclusion very greatly.

SACKVILLE.—Ah! I suppose people were delighted it was over.

#### THE LATE GEORGE DAWE, Esq., R.A.

THE arts have sustained a loss in the course of the past week, by the death of the above-named gentleman, who had suffered for many years under a pulmonary complaint, attributed to a too close application to study in his earlier years.

Mr. Dawe was born in London, in the year 1781 or 82. He very early evinced a taste for drawing, and, at eight years of age, his talent for the mecha-

nical arts was conspicuous; but his attention being directed by education to the fine arts, they became his study from the age of ten years, and his profession through life.

At the commencement of his career as an artist, he appears to have shown a disposition to devote himself to *mezzotinto* engraving. At the age of fourteen, he executed two or three plates after Graham; one of Mary, Queen of Scots, and another of Elizabeth and St. John, both of which were published. At twenty-one, he engraved the Monument of the Marquis Cornwallis, after his own drawing from the original by Bacon. This, which was the last engraving he made, is, we believe, not much known, though for correctness of drawing and beauty of execution, it has, perhaps, never been surpassed, and rarely equalled.

At the age of fourteen, Mr. Dawe became a student at the Royal Academy, when he was soon (though at that early age) admitted to draw from the living models. At the same time, he pursued his studies in anatomy with great ardour, attending the regular schools in that branch of science, besides occupying himself in dissections at home; this course he continued for several years, and the knowledge he thereby acquired of the construction of the human frame, occasioned an eminent surgeon to remark, that 'Dawe was himself more than half a surgeon.' Though ardent in the pursuit of whatever could advance him in the acquisition of professional knowledge, he possessed an almost inordinate desire for general information; he became tolerably proficient in comparative anatomy, botany, natural history, music, and singing. Study was his only recreation, and his only pleasure the acquisition of knowledge.

Mr. Dawe was a competent Latinist, and possessed a slight knowledge of Greek. Virgil was his favourite author, and he translated the greatest part of his works. Somewhat later in life, indeed, and as occasion prompted, he acquired several of the modern languages; and possessing an extremely retentive memory, he easily seized on what would be most useful to him of French, German, Russian, and Italian; the three former he spoke with considerable fluency. In early life he was an indefatigable general reader, but of late years, the weakness of his visual organs obliged him to deny himself that pleasure, or be dependent on others for it. Unlike most young men, Mr. Dawe preferred philosophical works to works of imagination.

The first picture ever completed by the deceased artist was 'Achilles frantic for the loss of Patroclus,' for which he was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Academy. This performance, Fuseli, who certainly was no flatterer, some years afterwards pronounced the best picture ever offered to the Academy on a similar occasion. In the next exhibition, after this successful attempt, he had a picture of 'Naomi and her two Daughters in law,' and he shortly afterwards submitted a picture of a scene from 'Cymbeline,' to the British Institution, for which he obtained their highest premium, of two hundred guineas. This picture was afterwards purchased by Mr. H. P. Hope.

The first portrait Mr. Dawe ever exhibited at the Royal Academy, was a whole length of Mrs. White, the wife of an eminent surgeon; this work, from its originality of attitude, simplicity of composition, and boldness of style, attracted considerable attention, and is considered to have contributed to procure him the honour which he obtained the same year of being elected Associate of the Royal Academy. From that period he continued to exhibit portraits, with occasionally an historical work. One picture of 'Andromache soliciting the Life of her Son,' was so much admired by Mr. Thomas Hope, for the classical feeling and good taste displayed in it, that he purchased it, and commissioned Mr. Dawe to paint a half-length of Mrs. Hope, with two of her children, and two whole lengths of the lady singly. One of these has been engraved; the other was for Mrs. Hope's father, the late archbishop of Tuam, whose portrait Mr. Dawe also painted. Another picture was the 'Negro and Buffalo,' a work which displays



a more than usual knowledge of the human form;—it was exhibited at the British Institution, and also obtained the first premium.

In 1811, Mr. Dawe painted Master Philip Howorth, a boy extraordinary for his premature strength and manhood, in the character of the 'Infant Hercules strangling the Serpent;' and also a picture from Coleridge's poem, 'Love.' This production has been much admired for the beauty of its sentiment, and for the delicacy and sweetness of the female figure.

It would be as useless as tedious to enumerate all the portraits that have emanated from the pencil of so indefatigable an artist, but we must not omit to mention the two beautiful domestic groups of Mrs. Charles Hammersley, and her infant daughter, playfully tossing about a basket of flowers; and that of the late Mrs. Wilnot, with her daughter plucking a rose, whilst walking in a garden. Both these paintings possess a sentiment that raises them greatly above the common-place and ordinary portraits.

The 'Mother rescuing her Child from an Eagle's Nest,' was, we believe, the last work of that class by Mr. Dawe which adorned the walls of the Academy exhibition. This picture excited considerable interest, both from the subject, and on account of its merit as a work of art; it was chiefly with a view to painting this picture, that the artist made a tour in the Highlands of Scotland, and among the Lakes of Cumberland, where a great portion of it indeed was actually executed.

In the first season of Miss O'Neill's splendid career, he painted her portrait in the character of Juliet; this picture also excited great public attention, but being too late for the Exhibition, it was shown at the artist's house, in Newman-street. It was about the same time that Mr. Dawe was elected a Member of the Academy: the picture he painted on the occasion, 'the Demoniac,' may be seen, among the similar works of the other academicians, on the walls of the council room.

Soon after the marriage of the Princess Charlotte, Mr. Dawe painted a portrait of the Prince Leopold, and a half-length of her Royal Highness, in a Russian costume; he continued from that time to be patronised and constantly employed by the Princess until her death. Of the several portraits which he painted of her, two only were exhibited at the Royal Academy; both these were placed at Clarendon.—He also executed likenesses of Prince Leopold, in a variety of costumes, from a plain private dress to a Marshal's full uniform; some of these portraits were sent to his Royal Highness's relatives on the Continent.

After the death of his Royal Patroness, Mr. Dawe became the faithful delineator of the Duke of Kent, and after his marriage, of the Duchess. He went in the suite of his Royal Highness, to Brussels, and thence attended him to the grand review of the allied troops at Cambray, where he was introduced to the Duke of Wellington, whose portrait he painted there. This he had before been commissioned to do for the Princess Charlotte. The same occasion introduced him to the many persons of rank and distinction who were present. Another opportunity of the same kind favoured him at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, where he painted the portraits of Lord Hill, General Alava, and several of the most distinguished Russians.

It was at this time that he was engaged by the late Emperor Alexander, to proceed to St. Petersburg to paint the portraits of all the superior officers in the Russian service, who had been engaged in the great war with the French. Mr. Dawe returned to England from Aix-la-Chapelle, in the end of the year 1813, and set off again in January, 1819, to his destination. At Brussels he painted the Prince and Princess of Orange, and from thence proceeding to Ammerbach, where the Duke of Kent then was, remained there a few weeks, painting in that time the portraits of several persons of distinction. He then went on to Cobourg, and there painted the reigning Duke; from thence to Weimar, and painted the portraits of the illustrious and idolized Gothe, of the

Grand Duke of Meiningen, and the Emperor's sister; and in the latter end of the summer he reached St. Petersburg, where he commenced his great and laborious undertaking of the Grand National Military Gallery.

Nine years were devoted to the completion of this monument of Russian heroism,—itself a monument of indefatigable industry and perseverance seldom equalled; for, besides about four hundred portraits of Russian generals, there are three whole lengths of the Field Marshals Wellington, Kutusoff, and Barclay-de-Jolly; and an equestrian portrait of the Emperor Alexander, twenty feet in height! He made besides, numerous copies of several of these pictures; painted the portraits of all the Imperial family, and of many of the illustrious persons of the empire, besides a great number of private portraits.

A gallery has been erected in the Winter Palace, at St. Petersburg, for the reception of this grand series of military portraits, and on being completed, was consecrated by the heads of the clergy, and publicly opened by the Emperor, attended by the first authorities.

It will hardly be credited that, notwithstanding the patronage, protection, and express orders of the Emperor, the difficulties Mr. Dawe had to contend with in the prosecution of his laborious undertaking, and the obstacles he had to combat, were such, that nothing but an extraordinary degree of perseverance could have prevented him from sinking under an accumulation of them, and abandoning the project altogether, long before it was half completed.

Mr. Dawe returned to England about the middle of last year, and remained here several months.—He brought with him many of his later works, which were privately exhibited, and attracted a great deal of well-merited attention. Mr. Dawe had the gratification also of submitting them to the King, by his Majesty's command, at Windsor. In September last year, he again left London for Berlin, where he painted portraits of the King of Prussia and the Duke of Cumberland. From Berlin he went to St. Petersburg, and a severe cold, caught on that journey, in the course of which he was on one occasion obliged to superintend the mending of his carriage, in an excessive frost, without sufficient clothing, is believed to have been the means of accelerating his death. He remained at St. Petersburg till the spring of the present year, when he went in the suite of the Emperor Nicholas to Warsaw. He there painted the Grand Duke Constantine. He made some stay in Germany during the summer, but found his health so much declining, that, by the advice of the faculty, he had recourse to the sulphur baths at Aix-la-Chapelle. These, instead of relieving him, served to fix more deeply the bad effects of his cold. Determining to try the effect of his native air, he returned to England in the latter end of August, but to no good effect, for he gradually grew worse, and at length expired on the 15th instant.

In consequence of his long residence in Russia, Mr. Dawe had not, of late years, been much before the English public; but it will be found, we believe, that he has done no less honour to the school to which he belonged than to himself as an individual artist. In the absence or dormancy of native talent, artists of all nations have resorted to St. Petersburg; but Mr. Dawe's superiority was too striking, for any one among them all, to be for a moment put into competition with him. He was, by appointment, first painter to his Imperial Majesty, and a member of the Imperial Academy of Arts of St. Petersburg, which gave him (what is indispensably necessary to a gentleman in Russia) the military rank of a colonel; he was also a member of the academies of Stockholm and Florence. As a member of the British Royal Academy, his long continued absence has, of course, prevented him from being very active or efficient. The distinction, however, was his own right of merit, and if he has not lately done much to advance the arts at home, he has done more than is equivalent,

by increasing and supporting their reputation abroad.

Several of Mr. Dawe's works have, from time to time, been engraved, chiefly in mezzotinto, we believe, by his brother, Mr. Henry Dawe; latterly, many of them have occupied the attention and skill of his brother-in-law, Mr. T. Wright.

Mr. Dawe has left sufficient proofs that his talent in the arts was not confined to painting; a bust of Coleridge in England, and one of General Yarmoloff in Russia, afford sufficient evidence of skill and taste in modelling. In literature also he was not undistinguished; the only work he ever published, however, is a *Life of Morland*; but a considerable quantity of manuscripts is in existence, principally on the subject of the fine arts, which, there is no doubt, will some day be arranged for the press.

Mr. Dawe has left a great variety of sketches for historical and other subjects, and among them is a series illustrative of the emancipation of slaves. Some of the pictures, indeed, have been commenced; and, although he relinquished for a time, the prosecution of his labours and studies in works of history and imagination, in consequence of the want of sufficient encouragement, it had ever been his cherished intention, we understand, after having acquired a competency, to spend the autumn of life in the execution of works in the higher classes of art. In prospect, indeed, he had still a brilliant career before him; for, besides his intention in that respect, he has left several commissions, not yet begun, for portraits of some of the most distinguished personages of the principal capitals of Europe.

## THE DRAMA.

*Drury-Lane.*

THE tragedy of 'Epicharis' is written in a classical vein, and applauded, strangely enough for these degenerate days, on account of this distinction. We are not sure, however, whether the objection raised by Johnson to the subject of 'The Paradise Lost,' as a poem, on the score of its shutting out human sympathy, does not, to a certain extent, hold good against dramatic subjects drawn from those times when the incidents, actors, and scenery differed so materially from any which are now the objects of our contemplation and interest. Except when in the hand of a master, these Roman heroes and their passions must appear to move in a sphere far separated from our own; and the emotions excited by them are of a distant and superficial kind; not intense, nor domestic, nor natural, as when the spectacle is one which we may expect to see realised in the world around us.

'When Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in its country's cause?'

We answer, there is none that does. There may be a pictorial truth that pleases us in the representation, or it may gratify a historical taste to have such illustration of former reading, or it may give good scope for the accomplishments of an actor in the mechanical portion of his art; but again we say, that without the master spirit which draws forth the truth and beauty of human affections from any lurking place where they lie, whether it be beneath the nakedness of a savage, the lace of a courtier, or the breast-plate of a warrior,—without such poetic magic as it would be idle to expect very often in the annals of a country, these stage heroes are apt to strut on stilts, that every body sees and hears too, and their sentiments are big and boisterous, though there is now no mask to account for their being too loud. This, at any rate, is the impression with which we listen to performances of a merely classical character; and we shall be understood, therefore, rather as objecting to the theme than to the execution, when we allege, that no one should hope in the tragedy of 'Epicharis,' for any sustained and absorbing interest beyond that of a stage spectacle; no one is likely to be carried away or deceived where the illusion be-

longs to things which he sees and not feels; or if he be so, the *corps dramatique* of Drury-lane, rather than the parts they have to play, have the merit of bewitching him.

Mr. Lister's tragedy is well written, and were it not for the superabundance, or rather the unnecessary dilation of the plot, would be well conceived. The play is fairly divided out into acts and scenes of well balanced length and importance; and these again are made up of dialogues, not fatiguing from the prolixity of single speeches. Occasionally, however, there creeps in the cloven foot of school-boy common-place. The heroine will talk of Harmonius, and Aristogiton, and quote the index to 'Plutarch's Lives.' And 'Cicero's Offices,' furnish many a respectable allusion to the virtues of patriotism and such indefinable duties.

The story is taken from 'Tacitus,' and has been made known to our readers by means of the newspapers long ere these observations can meet their eye. Mr. Young and Miss Phillips are, as usual, hero and heroine. The former indulges in a most extraordinary chaunt, like the monotone in our cathedral service, whenever he wishes to be very impressive; or sometimes it falls into an undulating strain, more unmelodious than even the hoarse cacophony of Mr. Macready. What this is meant to show or conceal we do not happen to have heard; but that it is symbolical of something, we call the applauding galleries to witness. Miss Phillips is a very sweet and heroic Greek girl, graceful, and, alas! for the illusion, *lady-like*. There is more enthusiasm in her part than she can fully pourtray; but the defect is not very apparent, and where the sentiment is level and unimpassioned, she does it perfect justice. Mr. Wallack and Mr. Cooper have the next principal characters. The former's execution of his part is sufficiently bold and easy, but not enough defined; one can hardly tell whether he is a amicable gentleman or a double-faced rogue. Cooper, of the whole party, gave us the most unqualified pleasure. He had evidently a shrewd and correct view of Nero's character, and depicted the effeminacy and nonchalant wickedness of the tyrant with most unexpected success. If time had been given him, we might have, perhaps, witnessed in this part one of the finest historical representations on the stage; as it is, the sketch is very vigorous and faithful. We should add, that the audience invariably received this tragedy with marks of their utmost favour, exhibited more decidedly at its close than during its progress.

#### MISS FANNY KEMBLE'S JULIET. (From a Correspondent.)

Or all the occupations in which the energies of men are employed, none, we apprehend, requires so complete a co-operation of mental and physical power, and in few is either required to so considerable an extent as in the profession of the drama. Consequently there are few indeed, even of the very few whose idiosyncrasy qualifies them for the pursuit, with sufficient talent and industry to excel in it; and mediocrity occupies the stage. The result is, that the science of the drama, and the art of embodying or personifying its characters, are alike degraded. Overcharged appeals to the sympathetic feelings of men, mawkish sensibility, ribald jesting, and vulgar buffoonery, form a pseudo-drama under various names, whilst the performers can claim no greater degree of consideration than is accorded to the matter of which they are the medium. Still, however, the drama exists, and the art of acting remains within the range of human pretensions. Richard the Third, Coriolanus, Lady Macbeth, Juliet, and the Jew of Venice, would not sleep in the pages of Shakspeare, though there were no Garrick, Kemble, Siddons, O'Neil, or Kean, to remove their abeyance. But nature does at times so constitute a soul, and so fit it to a 'mortal mixture of earth's mould,' that it can utter 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;' skilled moreover, 'to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time

his form and pressure.' Such is Miss Fanny Kemble. Time after time had I gone to witness the efforts, year after year have I deplored the failure, of a long succession of partially gifted aspirants to histrionic fame. Some possessed many of the requisite physical powers, some others; some were well qualified in voice or in manner—perhaps in figure; some possessed taste, others feeling; but a due conception of the poetry of their characters was almost always wanting, and none possessed them all! At length, however, surprised and delighted, I have beheld the performance of one, whose conception and personation of the character of Juliet inspires me with the hope that we possess a perfect artist.

Of Miss Kemble's voice, which 'discourses excellent music,' of her enunciation, which appears to me to be slightly *paterno more*, and of her classical face and elegant figure, the world is by this time well aware,—but they must be heard and seen to be appreciated. Those who have been present at the recitations of Mademoiselle Georges, will not fail, I imagine, to trace a similarity in the sonorous, solemn, tones of Miss Kemble's voice to hers, in the more serious parts of her character; indeed, I think that she allows them to operate too soon; the little she has to say in the first scene with Lady Capulet and the nurse, is delivered with the slow march of verse and solemn cadence that in after scenes with great propriety pervades her manner of delivery. The masquerade scene was played just as it should be—in a quiet, chaste, and lady-like manner; beautifully evincing the interest she then learnt to feel in the youth to whose fate her own was so closely linked. Her balcony scene is to our ears and eyes among the most entrancing things I ever heard and saw; her *reading* of the language far surpasses every other in sense and pathos, and so purely natural did it seem, that I wondered even to have heard it read otherwise. The anxiety and hurry of the innocent girl when she is waiting the return of her embassy to Romeo, and after the arrival of her nurse, are sweetly portrayed; but it is on receiving the news of Tybalt's death, and its consequences, that Miss Kemble's sterner energies are brought into action, and then she shines resplendently. With the slight interlude of the parting scene with Romeo, they are in operation to the end: grief speaks in every word and in every look, while she bandies meanings with her mother, and her 'amen' can only be compared for sublimity with Pasta's 'Io' in the Medea. In the scene at the Friar's cell, with Paris, she seemed to me somewhat too pettish; but the composure with which she listens to the Friar's proposition, and afterwards announces her assent to her father's will, is extremely good. The soliloquy preparatory to swallowing the potion, might be recited, perhaps, with less violence; the self-frightened girl should rather shrink as if fearing the words she herself uttered, than declaim with the energy of desperation assumed by Miss Kemble, especially when she fancies Tybalt's ghost before her. I doubt whether this be natural under the circumstances, and suspect that it is adopted rather for stage effect than from the impulse of the taste of the actress. The beauty of the attitude assumed is lost in our regret that it should be assumed at all.

It cannot but be regretted that Miss Kemble had not an opportunity of evincing her powers with more efficient conditoirs; the collision of talent would, no doubt, but make hers shine the brighter; as it is, she is most successful when alone, or in the scenes with her nurse. As to dress, I should rejoice to see Juliet without the train, and in the simpler Venetian costume of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Might I presume to counsel, I should recommend that Miss Kemble should assume some of the lighter characters of the drama, such as Rosalind, or Imogen, before she undertakes the more serious ones;—she would thus strengthen her powers by diversifying their exercise, and avoid the risk of falling into the monotony of tone and manner which a series of the more severe characters tends to produce. Such points, however, may be left with full confidence to her own taste and judgment, and the experience of more capable advisers.

II.

#### NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

It is at length determined, we understand, that the new London Bridge is to be finished with a close parapet instead of a balustrade. The specimen which has been for some time past set up on the east side to show the effect, has been approved, and is to be adopted. We rejoice at this decision. The close parapet, as must be obvious to all who have observed its effect, is much more in keeping with the character of the rest of the bridge than the old-fashioned mode of balustrades. The feeling in favour of lofty balustraded parapets, grounded on the idea of their combined security and convenience, because they allow the passer-by to see through the vacancies without danger of falling over, and thus preclude all temptation to climbing, a very little reflection will show to be a mere prejudice, the result, as all prejudices are, of a mere superficial view of the matter. Those who argue for the open parapet forget that the imperfect view of the water afforded by the spaces, instead of fully gratifying curiosity, only excites it sufficiently to induce people to stop, and obstruct the way. To this may be added, the annoyance arising from the gusts of wind which rush through the balustrades. A parapet elbow high, on the contrary, affords every security that can be desired, and actually removes every motive for climbing, for it may be looked over without even standing on tiptoe; nor is the passage liable to be obstructed by stoppages, since the passers-by may see whatever is going on below them, as well while they keep moving, as if they halted.

The bridge itself is nearly complete: all the centering is struck; and excepting that of the great central arch, has been entirely removed: this also is let down preparatory to its demolition, and the whole work is deprived of foreign support. The appearance of the arches is already very imposing, especially when viewed from the river, or from one of the starlings of the old bridge; but when the immense span of the central arch shall be unobstructed by the centering, its effect and that of the entire construction will be far more impressive. To convey a better idea of the grandeur of these arches it may be mentioned that when Blackfriars Bridge was built, the wide span of its arches was the wonder of the town, yet the widest of them is more than one fourth less in reach than the smallest of those of the new bridge. The last work also is elliptical, and this makes it still more wonderful.

The construction of the arch across Thames-street, intended to form the approach to the bridge on the city side, and the land arches of the bridge itself at both ends are advancing with a rapidity which seems to promise that the pledge given by the contractors to the Duke of Wellington, that the bridge shall be ready for opening on the 18th of June next, will be redeemed.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Outlines from the Ancients, etched by F. C. Lewis, with Descriptions, by G. Cumberland, Esq. Parts III. and IV. Prowett. 1829.*

THE work of which these are the concluding parts is one prompted by the soundest views of art, and calculated, if allowed to have its due influence, to produce the most beneficial effect on those who are aware of the advantage of cultivating their taste. It proceeds, in the first place, from the conviction, (a most just one) of the importance of outline, and of its competency to express the most essential part of every composition, namely, its spirit or mind.—Drawn by the hand of a master, the most simple lines, unaided by shadow, are capable of conveying to the mind of every person of ordinary perception all the important ideas which it can be the object of the most finished production to inspire. The outline, in short, is the seat of the soul of every work of art. Whatever be the intended character of a design, be it that of majesty, vigour, grace, or passion; if the outline express it not, it must be wanting to the



finished production. The most brilliant painting if defective in this respect, is a mere kaleidoscope effect, devoid of intellectual qualities, and incapable of exciting purely mental emotion, or of affording other gratification than the sensual one derived to the organs of sight from a pleasing combination of colour.

From this power of outline it happens that painters who are inferior colourists rank as artists so much higher than others who have excelled them in the preparation and application of their pigments—that Raphael and Michael Angelo, in short, are esteemed the princes of painters, and are revered so far above Rubens. To prove the justice of the claims of spirited outline to attention, nothing more is required than to observe the effect of simple tracings from the works of any greater master. These will, of course, be less ornamental and less attractive than the original, but let them rivet the attention for a moment, and we shall find that there are few emotions excited by the painting itself which these slight and shadowless representations are not capable of awakening. The mind, in fact, is extracted, the earthly body remains.

The other principle, no less true than that which we have already dwelt on, which has dictated the publication of Mr. Cumberland, is the vast superiority of the ancients in every department of intellectual design. This is incontrovertible: but were any one so bold as to object to the proposition, we could not do better than refer him for the best answer to the work lying before us, which contains examples excellent in the highest degree, of almost every variety of expression that can be applicable to works of art.

Would we illustrate the observations we have made on the power of expression in outline, we need no better instance than plate 20, of the first part, given by Mr. Cumberland, as one of several examples of 'Character in Heads.' It is a profile, representing a Juno and an early Greek Ganymede.—The delineation is most simple, but the style is severe, and the ideas it conveys of beauty, dignity, and lofty character, are not to be surpassed.

But our principal concern at present is with Parts III. and IV. In these Mr. Cumberland has illustrated Motion and Action; dividing each into three classes:—the former into Graceful Motion, Floating Motion, and Celestial or Gliding Motion; the latter into Violent Action, Enthusiastic Action, and Heroic Action. The examples are judiciously chosen.—Many of them are most beautiful as well as most apt specimens of the character and expression they are selected to typify. It is almost at random that we specify more particularly No. 13, 'A Season,' as an example of Graceful Motion, admirable indeed for its ease and dignity. No. 58, 'Hercules seizing the Stag,' is one of the most simple, yet most effective illustrations of Violent Action; and of the specimens of Heroic Action, 'the Amazon and Warrior,' No. 67, from a bas-relief, in the Albani Palace, deserves distinction as a perfect example of spirited design: the composition is most beautiful. The peculiarities, merits, and niceties of the original designs, are pointed out in the descriptive letter press which accompanies the plates, with discrimination and tact.

We need scarcely add, that the 'Outlines,' are excellent subjects of study for artists of every class. But they must be studied in the true way, with the desire, that is to say, of imbibing their spirit, of ascertaining the principles whence their excellence proceeds, rather than of finding in them models for literal imitation, or adoption in ordinary practice.—In the latter sense they may serve the artisan, the goldsmith, and the house decorator; the artist they will only lead astray.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE KEEPSAKE.

WE cannot say that we are surprised to find that our scoffers begin to venture a sneer at the annuals. It is not the nature of any fashion to be permanent; and it is a natural consequence, therefore, that those who have no better foundation for their opinions than the oracle of so fickle a deity, should be as

variable in their caprices as the very modes in whose wake they float along. The same ignorance and want of power to form an original opinion which commit them, on the early establishment of any vogue, to surpass their fellows in the enthusiasm and extravagance of their admiration, will drive them, when the tide of popularity appears about to ebb, to be the first and loudest to decry the very objects of their former applause.

The appearance of the annuals this year, however, is a satisfactory quietus to such light-minded revilers. They maintain their reputation so well, that no objection can be raised to them with any chance of producing an effect. For our own parts, we confess ourselves unable to imagine any thing more suited than these elegant publications to their avowed object. Their only error, and the only point on which they are in the slightest degree amenable to ridicule, is the early period at which they appear. They should certainly be kept back until the first week in December, and then be sent into the world in all the freshness of their beauty, for the admiration and amusement of the family circles which assemble around our Christmas firesides.

If there be another weak point, it is in the number and competition; but this is a fault which will correct itself; yet may we, perhaps, say a few more words on this particular head hereafter, in reference to some one or other of the publications of this description to which any such observations might be applicable. At present, our business is with an Annual which is free from every objection of the kind, for it is unique.

In merit, as in price and size, 'The Keepsake' stands alone and without a competitor. The 'Illustrations of the Keepsake,' as engravings merely, are always superior to those which decorate the other annuals. Regarded indeed as specimens of that branch of the art, they ever deserve most unqualified applause. As to the choice of subjects, speaking generally, the fastidious, we think, might find excuse for carping. Too frequent a preference is shown for the pretty and petty school. We should rather see more subjects like those which such a pencil as Bonington's could afford, and fewer productions of the class which proceeds from the easel of Mr. Stephanoff. A certain popularity which attends the last-mentioned may plead the apology of the conductors of 'The Keepsake,' but it must still be a subject of regret that such men as Mr. Heath have not the spirit to aim at leading the public taste, and directing it to what is universally good and true, and classical in the arts of design. We are confident that he would lose nothing on the point of profit by the attempt. But a truce to lecturing: commendation is a much more pleasing occupation, and fortunately ample scope is afforded us for this by the india proofs before us.

The engravings throughout are excellent; they are all most effectively treated and most elaborately finished. In most cases, we confess, it would require a judgment of a very artist to declare a preference. Our observations, therefore, will refer rather to the subject of the plate than to the skill of the engraver.

We contemplate no censure on the latter, therefore, when we say that we do not greatly admire 'The Faithful Servant,' by Mr. Cooper, R.A., that we abhor the 'Zella' of Mr. H. Corbould, that the 'Isabella and Gertrude' of Mr. Chalon appeal us, and that the 'George' of Aspen, and 'Isabella' of Mr. Stephanoff, go far to sicken us; but here our catalogue of complaints will terminate. For the rest of the plates, if we except perhaps one case of doubt, we have but to turn over from one object of admiration to another. On the subject of the French plate, it is true, we have halted between two opinions; yet is it a most effective engraving—forcible, yet full of delicate and well-devised gradations. As to the design, the figure is not wanting character,—yet all is not right. The painting, no doubt, would be excellent in France; but it is too exclusively national for this side the water, or for the other side of the Alps. It is

French, not universal nature. And now, indeed, nothing remains for us but to applaud. There is Mr. Wilkie's 'Washing the Feet of the Pilgrims,'—our readers will remember the painting at the Exhibition,—the female not the male ablution; we wish it were the latter, for that was decidedly the better picture of the pair. The tall stiff fomal Contessa Marchesina, or Principessa, in the centre of the picture before us with her lancer's cap, we never could tolerate. We suspect our artist of a little sly satire in this case. The haughty dame is one of the cold heart, she makes but a show of humility; she drops not on her knees to go cordially to her work of charity, like the angel of a woman, a very pattern of her sex, a true Italian, before her. This figure, our readers will remember, formed a part of that sweet group of a pilgrim and a lady in the foreground, and in the left hand corner of the picture.

'Francis the First and his Sister,' painted by R. P. Bonington, engraved by Charles Heath. We envy Mr. Heath the satisfaction he must have enjoyed while working at this plate. The longer we regard it the more we are delighted with the ease, the grace, the character, the truth, the masterly treatment, the consummate art, consummate yet never obtrusive, of this composition. The desire to possess this plate alone would decide us in favour of 'The Keepsake' above all other annuals.

We have objected to one performance of Mr. Chalon's. In 'The Prophet of St. Paul's' we have another which we conscientiously admire. It is extremely beautiful, rich in elegance, and extremely well adapted for the finished style of engraving in which it is presented to us by Mr. Heath.

'The Portrait,' by the veteran Mr. Smirke, is an exquisite piece of humour.

We like the 'Venice' of Mr. Prout, as engraved by Freebairn, even better than as in the original drawing. Here is not the slightest taint of mannerism apparent; and how charmingly the figures are grouped!

Mr. Leslie's 'Bride' is a sweet creature. The more the plate is examined the more it will be admired.

'Costandi' gives us an opportunity of redeeming ourselves with Mr. Stephanoff. The group, a Greek warrior parting from his faithful one, as lovely as she is youthful, is true to character and costume, and treated with great and various effect.

It is hardly possible to allude to the 'Portrait of Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis,' as engraved from a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, without being guilty of an impertinence, so much of the beauty of the plate depends on the extraordinary loveliness of feature and countenance of the subject.

We proceed to our conclusion, therefore, with the two views of 'Virginia Water,' from drawings by Mr. Turner. Our readers will remember this pair of drawings in the Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall. They are engraved for 'The Keepsake' by Mr. Wallis; and Mr. Turner, super excellent artist as he is, has no reason to complain of the hands to which the copying his performance has been committed. Between the two plates, however, we are not without a preference. It leans to that in which the boat of musicians is in the foreground. This is a truly beautiful production. The engraver has caught the spirit and feeling of Turner most completely. The water beneath the gleam of sunshine is absolutely dazzling, and the effect of distance is quite wonderful.

#### LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America; including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in Search of a North-West Passage; with Observations on Emigration: by Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E.; illustrated by a Map of North America, 2 vols 8vo. is about to be published by Oliver and Boyd.

Political Economy. An Inquiry into the Natural Grounds of Right to Vendible Property, or Wealth, by Samuel Read, 8vo. is nearly ready.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Hennen's Military Surgery, 3rd edition, 16s.  
 The Winter's Wreath for 1830, 12s.  
 Illustrations to ditto, on French Paper, 18s.  
 The Keepsake for 1830, 21s.  
 Stanley on Libotomy, royal 4to. 15s.  
 Secker's Lectures on the Catechism, in Questions and Answers, 12mo. 4s. 6d.  
 Smith's Compendium of English Flora, translated into English, 7s. 6d.  
 Donellan, by the Author of 'Father Clement,' 4th edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 15s.  
 Stevenson on Nervous Diseases, royal 18mo. 3s. 6d.  
 Stevenson on Colds and Coughs, 3s.  
 Marriage, by the Rev. H. C. O'Donoghue, 12mo. 4s.  
 Elliott's Medic! Book, 5s.  
 Rhymes on Maritany, post 8vo. 3s.  
 Golden Lyre for 1830, 10s. 6d.  
 An Atlas of the World, 4to. 27. 12s. 6d.  
 Scenes Comiques, tirée de Molière, 18mo. 5s.  
 Coddington on Light, 8vo. 15s.  
 Hansard's Debates, vol. 21, April to June, 17. 11s. 6d.  
 Crombie's Entomology and Syntax, 8vo. 9s.  
 London Greek Grammar, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
 Outlines of Irish History, 12mo. 5s. 6d.  
 Roby's Traditions of Lancashire, 2 vols. 8vo. 27. 2s.  
 De Lary Evans on Practicability of an Invasion of India, 1 vol. 8vo. 6s.  
 Luther on the Galatians, 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Life on Board a Man of War, 12mo. 4s.  
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 Belfour's Anabasis of Xenophon, 12mo. 8s. 6d.  
 Appendix to Mac Farlane's Constantinople in 1823, 8vo. 6s.  
 Palmer's Tables of Costs, 10th edition, 17. 11s.  
 The Literary Souvenir for 1830, 18mo. 12s.  
 Grant's Chancery, 2 vols. 12mo. 17. 12s.  
 Castle's Introduction to Medical Botany, 12mo. 5s.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

	Oct.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds	Weather	Prevailing Clouds.
Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.						
Mon. 12	54	53	29. 65	N.W.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 13	57	54	29. 88	S.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed. 14	48	42	29. 13	SE to N.	Ditto.	Ditto Cum.
Thur. 15	41	42	29. 65	N.	Clear.	Cumulus.
Frid. 16	45	54	29. 22	S.W.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
Sat. 17	52	52	29. 80	N.W.	Ditto.	Cirrocum.
Sun. 18	57	60	29. 94	W.	Clear.	Cumulus.

Nights fair. Mornings fair, except on Wednesday.  
 Mean temperature of the week, 51°.  
 Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.59.  
 Highest temperature at noon, 61°.

## Astronomical Observations.

Herschell stationary on Monday.  
 Mercury ditto on Saturday.  
 Saturn's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 16° 37' in Leo.  
 Jupiter's ditto ditto 12° 24' in Sagitt.  
 Sun's ditto ditto 24° 50' in Libra.  
 Length of day on Sunday, 10 h. 28 m.; decreased 6 h. 6 m.  
 Sun's hourly motion, 2' 28" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99778.

## UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

On Saturday, Oct. 24, will be published, price 2s.,  
**INSECT ARCHITECTURE**; being Part VI. of 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.'  
 The Second Part of 'Insect Architecture,' completing that division of Entomology, will appear early in November.  
 London: Charles Knight, Pall-Mall East.

This day is published,  
**A LETTER from SYDNEY, the Principals of Town of AUSTRALASIA.** Edited by ROBERT GOUGER. Together with the Outline of a System of Colonization.  
 London: J. Cross, 18, Holborn; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court; and Wilson, Royal Exchange.

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